
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

APRIL, 1799.

SKETCH OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
HUGH BLAIR, D. D.

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.

WITH a peculiar intenseness do we turn the eye of curiosity towards characters who have been eminently useful in their day and generation. Great intellectual attainments will, of themselves, generate a cordial veneration; but talents and literature assiduously employed for the benefit of our fellow creatures, heighten our admiration. And when we further observe that these efforts to enlighten the understanding and meliorate the heart are attended with signal success, we deem such a favoured individual to have attained the pinnacle of eminence, and that he must have it in his power to look back on his exertions with secret satisfaction.

It has not unfrequently happened that genius has been unfortunate; and such is the strange fatality of human affairs, that even persons of brilliant talents have been suffered to starve in a garret—rot in a prison; or have been driven to lift unhallowed hands against their own existence. In these cases our tenderest compassion is excited; and we drop the tear of unavailing regret to their memory.

VOL. VI.

E e

With

With this latter class of characters we commenced our work, in detailing *the Life of Chatterton*, which affords valuable lessons for the rising generation. We, however, now present the reader with the life and writings of a *most fortunate man*, who, beyond almost every other of his cotemporaries, has secured, and still enjoys the approbation of the public. Very few writers have, in their life time, found their fame so widely extended and as firmly established.

Dr. Hugh Blair is a native of North Britain. He was born about the year 1726; and his parents discerning in their son the dawn of future excellence, devoted him to the Christian ministry. He accordingly passed through the usual courses of education prescribed by the regulations of the Scotch church for young students in divinity. Their care in preparing the candidates for the ministerial office is worthy of praise; thus, in general, they exclude improper persons from such situations, and cherish those who bid fair for usefulness to the community.

Of the progress of Dr. Blair in his studies, during his stay at college, we know nothing. We should have been glad to have detailed the steps by which he attained to his present celebrity. But this part of biography is seldom known—In the perusal of the lives of the most eminent men, a deficiency of this kind is observable, however much to be regretted.

About the year 1745, the subject of our memoirs was settled as a minister in Fifeshire. Here he assiduously cultivated his mind, particularly by the study of the belles lettres, for which he had always discovered a marked predilection. This studious disposition in retirement laid the foundation of his subsequent eminence. We would, therefore, take the present opportunity of recommending to young persons similarly situated, the same conduct which Dr. Blair pursued. In vain shall we look for permanent celebrity, except the fabric be raised on the firm basis of solid acquisitions. An individual

vidual
while
great
the im

Fro
to Edi
ciated
sent fir
of great
relate
height
the tal
its bei
explan
the ter
cation

He
livered
which
public
soon a
of Ed
mous
fitions
cultiva
bellish

His
Belles
devoti
ties o
livered
They
an ex

His
of Off
verfy
ticity,
enrich

vidual

vidual may, indeed, by shewy qualities, impose for a while on the credulity of the public; but time, the great detector, will expose the illusion, and hurl back the impostor into his original obscurity.

From his retired settlement in Fifeshire, he was called to Edinburgh, in the year 1752, and, after having officiated in that city for *six* years, was elevated to his present situation, minister of the *High Church*—a promotion of great respectability. The term *high church* does not relate to any thing of party, but simply refers either to the height of the ground on which the edifice stands, or to the tallness of the structure, or to the circumstance of its being frequented by those of exalted station. This explanation is here given, since, with English readers, the term *high church*, possesses a very different signification.

He had not been long in this situation, before he delivered lectures on *Rhetoric* and the *Belles Lettres*, which were well attended. So convinced were the public of his ability for this undertaking, that he was soon appointed to fill a similar department in the college of Edinburgh, which has long ago rendered itself famous in every part of the world for its medical acquisitions. *Blair* was destined to augment its fame by the cultivation of the elegant arts which sweeten and embellish human life.

His new department as Professor of Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres, in the university, he filled with ability, devoting himself, with uncommon industry, to the duties of his station. For *four and twenty* years he delivered his lectures, which have been since published. They display an highly cultivated mind, blended with an exquisite taste and a feeling heart.

His first performance was a *Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*. He does not enter into the furious controversy which has been agitated respecting their authenticity, but points out the beauties by which they are enriched. Whatever may be thought concerning the

origin of these poems, there is an impressive wildness, and an awful obscurity by which they stand characterized. The reader is enraptured with certain sublime singularities, which are more easily felt than described. Dr. Blair has done ample justice to their merits, and shewn a discernment which has done credit to his understanding.

The life of a literary character affords few incidents for the pen of the biographer; it runs on in an even tenor, and its progress is discernible only by those who are immediately concerned. This circumstance must apologize for any seeming deficiency in the present narrative. The life of a scholar or divine is little more than a catalogue of his works.

Dr. Blair, though distinguished in his professorship, yet did not neglect the duties of his ministerial station. In 1777 he gave to the world a volume of Sermons, which, together with *three* other volumes, of various merit, have attained to an unprecedented popularity. From the Life of Johnson, by Boswell, it appears that the bookseller hesitated concerning their publication, till Johnson took the manuscript home and returned it with strong recommendations. After this publication, it is said that Lord Mansfield read one of the sermons to the Queen, who bestowed the warmest approbation; be this as it may, her majesty appointed the author a pension of 200*l.* per annum. This auspicious event, together with the intrinsic merit of the sermons, heightened their celebrity. Never were discourses more universally read.—The justness of their sentiments, the elegance of their language, and the amiable spirit of moderation with which they are fraught, recommend them to the intelligent and serious of every description. They have had the merit of introducing among the higher ranks of society a greater degree of attention to religion than had hitherto prevailed amongst them.

In the year 1783 he published his *Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres*, in three octavo volumes, which

which
ception
from
ticular
In thi
labour
ticipa
vestig
profu
rise f
compr
ficulty
to the
least
ple of
corati
eye w
soul c
conge
shoul
of the
heedl
or am
An
the f
the o
of the
“
happy
huma
spher
seriou
seriou
ing fi
filling
langu
langu
not f

which have been honoured with a very favourable reception.—Like the industrious bee, he has collected from almost every publication on the subject, those particulars which are most subservient to general usefulness. In this department other eminent writers had previously laboured with success. *Kaimes*, in his *Elements of Criticism*, and *Campbell*, in his *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, investigated the structure of language with a metaphysical profundity; but for Dr. Blair it remained to popularise speculations which, otherwise, would have been comprehended by the youthful understanding with difficulty. Now these elegant discussions are brought down to the level of the meanest capacity. A student of the least genius will be enabled to enter the spacious Temple of Taste, and survey, at leisure, the splendid decorations by which it is embellished. Here the mental eye will be invigorated by the contemplation, and the soul expanded by coming in contact with objects so congenial with its disposition. To such studies youth should be inured at an early period of life; for the want of them their faculties are often brutalised, and time is heedlessly squandered away in the lounge of idleness, or amidst the haunts of dissipation.

An extract from the Introductory Lecture will shew the style of the author, and will still further illustrate the observation which we have just made, on the utility of these studies to the rising generation.

“ The cultivation of taste is recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought; neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms

their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which more or less occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself, or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself. He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence."

"PROVIDENCE seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a *middle* station, between the pleasures of sense and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former, nor are we capable of dwelling, constantly, in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue."

"So consonant is this to experience, that in the education of youth no object has, in every age, appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn—it is favourable to many virtues; whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth, and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications,

fication
illibera

"T
kind v
or less
lity to
them f
more v

The e
poetry
our vie
spirit,
and th
great."

"I
of taste
be exp
ful cor
reform
prevai
times
bad pa
At the
exerci
purify
of gen
rises w
thought
least t
heart t
after h
out po

*
Sc

fications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life."

"There are, indeed, few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise, while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

—Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros *.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history, are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great."

"I will not go so far as to say, that the improvement of taste and of virtue is the same, or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind; while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. *One thing* is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree,

* These polish'd arts have humanis'd mankind,
Softens'd the rude and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind; they are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling."

The lectures are divided into five parts;—the Nature of Taste and the Sources of its Pleasures; the Consideration of Language; Style; Eloquence, or Public Speaking; and, lastly, a Critical Examination of the most distinguished Species of Composition. The perusal of this charming work we strongly recommend to every individual who wishes to write the English language with elegance and propriety.

With respect to the private character of Dr. Blair, it is in every respect unexceptionable. Beloved by his numerous friends, and highly esteemed by the public, this divine is sinking into the vale of years, with every comfortable reflection which so active and so useful a life must suggest. The writer of this article has frequently heard him preach with pleasure, at Edinburgh; but discovered little of that eloquence by which his writings are distinguished. It is remarkable, that though he has written so well on public speaking, yet he never has been known to open his mouth in the assemblies of the church of Scotland. Being a member of the *presbyterian* establishment, an ample scope was afforded him for the exercise of his talents in this particular department. His not availing himself of such opportunities, shews that he was fearful of not obtaining eminence as a speaker, and therefore he has wisely confined himself to a sphere where he has shone with distinguished lustre. An universal genius is a rare prodigy. From any one individual, nature has frugally withheld

withheld
species

The
wonder
question
nence,
have v
favouri
terary
to exte
It is w
tention
labour

In th
most ad
Blair's
thor, un
there de
ing par
temper
divine r
of evil v
characte
unwilling
commen
he can c
nal refer
He neve
marks a
of the co
meet wi
judge, an
demn.
motives,
always t
doubt, h
period of
tion whic

withheld that constellation of talents by which the whole species was destined to be irradiated.

The example of Dr. Blair holds forth to youth the wonderful effects of persevering industry. It has been questioned to which he is most indebted for his eminence, to nature or education. Certain it is, that both have vied with each other in the formation of this, their favourite son. May the success with which his literary efforts have been crowned, stimulate the student to extend his enquiries, and push forward his researches ! It is well known that Dr. Blair paid an uncommon attention to the improvement of his compositions, and his labour has been amply rewarded.

In the second volume of his Sermons will be found a most admirable discourse on *Candour*. A friend of Dr. Blair's assured the writer of this narrative, that the author, unconscious of the faithfulness of the portrait, has there delineated his *own* disposition ; at least the following paragraph is thought to be a transcript of his *own* temper. Speaking of the *candid* man, this amiable divine remarks ; " He makes allowance for the mixture of evil with good, which is to be found in every human character. He expects none to be faultless ; and he is unwilling to believe that there is any without some commendable quality. In the midst of many defects he can discover a virtue ; under the influence of personal resentment, he can be just to the merit of an enemy. He never lends an open ear to those defamatory remarks and dark suggestions, which, among the tribes of the censorious, circulate with so much rapidity, and meet with such ready acceptance. He is not hasty to judge, and he requires full evidence before he will condemn. As long as an action can be ascribed to different motives, he holds it as no mark of sagacity to impute it always to the worst ; where there is just ground for doubt, he keeps his judgment undecided, and, during the period of suspense, leans to the *most* charitable construction which an action can bear. When he must condemn,

demn, he condemns with regret, and without those aggravations which the severity of others adds to the crime. He listens calmly to the apology of the offender, and readily admits every extenuating circumstance which equity can suggest. How much soever he may blame the principles of any sect or party, he never confounds under one general censure all who belong to that party or sect. He charges them not with such consequences of their tenets as they refuse and disavow. From one wrong opinion he does not infer the subversion of all sound principles; nor from one bad action conclude that all regard to conscience is overthrown. When he *beholds the mote in his brother's eye*, he remembers *the beam in his own*. He commiserates human frailty, and judges of others according to the principles by which he would think it reasonable that they should judge of him. In a word, he views men and actions in the clear sunshine of charity and good nature, and not in that dark and fullen shade which jealousy and party spirit throw over all characters."

Having given the reader a specimen of Dr. Blair's writings, both from his *lectures* and *sermons*, we take leave of this venerable divine, with expressing a wish that the infirmities of his advanced years may be soothed by every possible blessing. After a life so eminently useful, he may repose himself with safety in honourable retirement; waiting with calm dignity the close of his career, he will quit the scenes of mortality with the firm expectation of that reward which the Divine Being has graciously annexed to the services of *the faithful servant*:

" Let cheerful memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherished in earliest youth, now paying back,
With tenfold usury, the pious care,
And pouring o'er the soul the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence!"

THE

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXVI.]

THOMSON'S LIBERTY.

—Methought the fair majestic pow'r
 Of LIBERTY appeared; not as of old
 Extended in her hand the cap and rod,
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life;
 But her bright temples bound with British oak,
 And naval honours nodded on her brow.
 Sublime of port, loose o'er her shoulder, flow'd
 Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay;
 An Island Goddess now; and her high care
 The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main.

THOMSON'S LIBERTY.

ABOUT the year 1740 Mr. Thomson gave to the world his poem, which he has entitled LIBERTY. It is divided into five books, of very unequal length; the subjects also are various, and the sweep taken by the poet indicates the author of the Seasons. We are not, indeed, to expect the same glowing delineations of nature, or the same animated flights of imagination. Of these decorations the topic was not susceptible; but we find a noble elevation of sentiment, a rich vein of integrity by which the whole is impregnated. The soul of THOMSON beams in every paragraph—slavery and oppression are pointedly reprobated; whilst the blessings of Liberty are depicted with a warmth to which the theme was fully entitled.

In the first book ancient and modern Italy are compared together. The *Goddess of Liberty*, who is supposed to speak throughout the whole, appears characterised as British liberty. She therefore here dwells on various particulars illustrative of the subject. Her speech contrasts the glories of the Roman commonwealth with the degeneracy of modern Italy. A fine
 field

field is opened for moral description, of which the poet avails himself with felicity.

The second book describes the states of *Greece* with accuracy and propriety. Their most celebrated men, and their most famous actions are brought forward; so that the Grecian history is here, in reality, epitomised. In the third book a similar view is taken of *Rome*; their eminent men likewise, and their martial deeds, are recorded with an appropriate dignity. The fourth book brings the goddess to her favourite topic, *Britain*; and here a beautiful and concise survey of our history is taken. In the perusal of this part the British reader will rejoice. The most prominent features of Britannia are portrayed in glowing colours.—The blessing of LIBERTY is shewn to have been always predominant in her constitution; the advantages are pointed out arising from the natural and civil condition by which she stands distinguished from the surrounding nations of the earth.

Mr. Thomson is of opinion that our house of commons originated about the close of Henry the Third's reign. This circumstance he mentions with animation.

Then was the full, the perfect, plan disclos'd
Of Britain's matchless constitution, mix'd
Of mutual checking and supporting pow'rs,
King, Lords, and Commons; nor the name of Free
Deserving while the Vassal-many droop'd:
For since the moment of the whole they form,
So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
Of public welfare and of glory cast.

The reign of Henry the Eighth, together with the reformation which happened under his auspices, is thus happily pencilled:—

His furious son * the soul-enslaving chain †,
Which many a doating venerable age
Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,

* Henry VIII. † Of papal dominion.

Shook

Shook off. No longer could be borne a pow'r,
 From Heav'n pretended, to deceive, to void
 Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
 To curb the gen'rous soul, to fool mankind,
 And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
 Of blood and horror. The returning light,
 That first thro' Wickliff * streak'd the priestly gloom,
 Now burst in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
 Forth from the haunts of Superstition † crawl'd her
 Motley sons, fantastic figures all,
 And, wide-dispers'd, their uselefs fetid wealth
 In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade, join'd to these, on ev'ry sea display'd
 A daring canvass, pour'd with ev'ry tide
 A golden flood. From other worlds ‡ were roll'd
 The guilty glitt'ring stores, whose fatal charms,
 By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
 Yet work'd his woe; and to the blissful groves,
 Where Nature liv'd herself among her sons,
 And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
 Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
 The worst the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
 Be no such horrid commerce, Britain! thine,
 But want for want with mutual aid supply.

Passing over many beautiful strokes, alluding to several facts in the British History, we will next present the reader with his sketch of James the Second's reign, and of the revolution by king William, which immediately succeeded.

—————Chief his zeal,
 Outflaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd

* John Wickliff, Doctor of Divinity, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called *Lollards*.

† Suppression of monasteries.

‡ The Spanish West Indies.

The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
 Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew.
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage;
 As must'ring vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
 Awfully still, waiting the high command
 To spring. Straight from his country Europe sav'd,
 To save Britannia, lo! My darling son,
 Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
 Immortal Nassau came! I hush'd the deep,
 By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds*,
 Still shifting as behov'd with various breath,
 Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore.
 See! wide alive, the foaming Channel † bright
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of War,
 Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:
 And mark! diffusing ardent soul around,
 And sweet contempt of death, my streaming flag ‡:
 Ev'n adverse navies § bless'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arriv'd, the pomp and not the waste of arms

* The Prince of Orange, in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

† Rapin, in his History of England, says, The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war.—It is not easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then aboard the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

‡ The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, *The protestant religion and the liberties of England*, and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, *Je maintiendrai*, I will maintain. Rapin.

§ The English fleet.

His

His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host *
 For once, in yielding their best vict'ry found,
 And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
 While his, the bloodless conquest of the heart,
 Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
 The surge of wild Prerogative, to raise
 A mound restraining its imperious rage,
 And bid the raving deep no farther flow.

From these lines may be seen the amiable soul of Thomson exulting in the emancipation of Britain from the oppression of the Stuarts, whose measures were uniformly inimical to the privilege and welfare of the subject. His allusion also to the voyage and arrival of WILLIAM are happily imagined and deserving of high praise. For whatever peculiarities may have attached themselves to the private character of this illustrious monarch, his zeal for the protestant religion, and his ardour to promote the interests of general liberty, will ensure him the applauses of posterity. Mr. Thomson then proceeds to expatiate on the blessings of a limited monarchy, such as is to be found in our own constitution. The whole passage is masterly, but its length prevents insertion. We refer the reader to the perusal of it, and his pains will be amply repaid. The lines following, however, we shall introduce, persuaded that every lover of his country will read them with delight: The goddess exclaims;

And now, behold! exalted as the cope
 That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
 And like it free, My fabric stands complete,
 The Palace of the Laws. To the four heav'ns
 Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crowds,
 With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
 Pour urgent in; and tho' to different ranks
 Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
 The shell'ring roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,

* The King's army.

F f 2

And

And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
 Ye Floods ! descend : ye Winds ! confirming, blow ;
 Nor outward tempest nor corrosive time,
 Nought but the felon undermining hand
 Of dark Corruption, can its frame dissolve,
 And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

In the fifth and last book the poet addresses the *Goddeſs of Liberty*, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain as arising from *her* influence. She then resumes her discourse, and points out the chief virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there. She particularly recommends, as its last ornament and finishing—*sciences, fine arts, and public works*. The cultivation of these subjects is then urged, by the advantages which flowed from them, even under the despotic government of Lewis the XIVth. These few lines that follow on this topic are pleasing :

These laurels, Louis ! by the droppings rais'd
 Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade,
 And green thro' future times shall bind thy brow,
 While the vain honours of perfidious war
 Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
 With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
 Of war-sunk millions fed ? superior still,
 How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
 In Britain planted, by the potent juice
 Of Freedom swell'd ?

Our quotations have been rather more numerous than we intended ; but the poem has not, in our opinion, been sufficiently esteemed.—We are, therefore, tempted to present one more extract from this last book ; it is a description of an *independent man*, and by all parties must it be admired.

Hail, Independence ! hail ! Heav'n's next best gift,
 To that of life and an immortal soul !
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high

And

And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
 Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source !
 Whose streams, from ev'ry quarter confluent, form
 My better Nile, that nurses human life.
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous fed,
 The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That Nature craves. Its happy master there,
 The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round,
 Sweet-featur'd Peace attending, fearless Truth,
 Firm Resolution, Goodness, blessing all
 That can rejoice, Contentment, surest friend,
 And, still fresh stores from Nature's book deriv'd,
 Philosophy, companion ever new.
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Meantime true judging moderate desires,
 Economy and taste, combin'd, direct
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
 Whom fortune heaps without these virtues reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self-enjoyment springing from within,
 That Independence, active or retir'd,
 Which make the soundest blifs of man below ;
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
 A wand'ring, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
 Tho' rich are beggars, and tho' noble slaves.

Of this production the reader must now form his own opinion. We think it by no means the least valuable of Thomson's productions, either as to its information or poetry. On the contrary, we have met with many instructive and exquisite passages worthy of the author of the Seasons. Dr. Johnson, with an unjustifiable surliness, remarks, in the Life of Thomson, "*Liberty* when it first appeared, I tried to read and soon desisted. I have never tried again, and, therefore, will

not hazard either praise or censure." We can conjecture the cause of his disgust—the subject was not grateful to his taste! Violently attached to the house of Stuart, it was not to be expected that he should relish a poem where the bigotry and oppression of that unfortunate family were faithfully portrayed and warmly reprobated. But it appears somewhat strange, that Johnson should make the above remark at the close of the poet's life, when we consider what he had previously said respecting the very same publication; here, with great modesty, he will "not hazard either praise or censure;" but he has already *damned* the poem in the beginning of his narrative, where he remarks, speaking of it, "*Liberty* called in vain upon her votaries to read her praises and reward her encomiast; her praises were condemned to harbour spiders and to gather dust—none of Thomson's performances were so little regarded. The judgment of the public was not erroneous. The recurrence of the same images must tire in time; an enumeration of examples to prove a position which nobody denied, as it was from the beginning superfluous, must quickly grow disgusting."

Is not this language *hazarding censure*, and prejudging the poem in every sense of the word? Such criticism speaks for itself. The poem may have been on various accounts, unpopular at the period of its publication; but Johnson, without doubt, gladly laid hold of this circumstance to seal its reprobation. Much as we admire the gigantic talents of this eminent writer, impartiality obliges us to lament the prejudices by which, on certain subjects, his faculties were beclouded and his genius debased. Of this weakness his *Lives of the Poets*, particularly of *Milton*, *Gray*, *Thomson*, and *Lyttleton*, afford memorable proofs. Bishop Newton mentions it with indignation in his own Biography; and every sincere friend of Johnson must wish, that those parts of a work, otherwise truly excellent, had been buried in oblivion.

Milton

Mil
flection
parabl
will f
tainme

A
them
reason
answ
it; h
that

T
terin
the f
"an
blun
will

T
them
all fu
secre
one
ment
ever

A
merl

Milton however is vindicated from the illiberal reflections of *Johnson* by Mr. HAYLEY, in his incomparable *life* of that great man, in which the reader will find an equal degree of instruction and entertainment.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXVIII.]

IGNORANT SIMPLICITY.

A Painter being employed to represent some cherubims and seraphims, in a country church, made them with very melancholy faces; and being asked his reasons for so doing, by the rector of the parish, he answered; "*I have your own words for the propriety of it; have I not heard you say, a thousand times over, that cherubims and seraphims continually do CRY?*"

ANECDOTES.

THE late *Lewis XV.* having received a lying flattering account, from one of his courtiers, concerning the success of *M. Conflans*; "Well," cried the King, "and did *M. Harvok* strike?" "Yes!" answered a blunt German, "*such a stroke as your majesty's marine will not recover these seven years.*"

Two Jesuits ask'd *J. J. Rousseau*, the favour to tell them the secret, whereby he was enabled to write on all subjects with so much warmth and eloquence. *My secret,*" replied the philosopher, "and I am sorry it is one to your society, consists in never uttering a sentiment which I do not feel, or making any assertion, whatever, which I do not really believe."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A SCHOOLMASTER in a country village, who, formerly, acted as a barber to the village, being in dispute with

with the *parish clerk*, on a point of grammar—"It is downright *barbarism*," said the clerk; "*Barbarism*!" replied the pedagogue.—"Do you mean to insult me? a *barber* speaks as good English as a *parish clerk* any day."

BOTANY BAY.

A THEATRE is erected at Botany Bay; this circumstance is not, in the least, to be wondered at, as many of those colonists were, in this country, distinguished for the *dexterity* of their *performances*, and the *facility* they possessed of *assuming different characters*, and most of them are quite familiarized to be the *heroes* and *heroines* of a public exhibition.

EPITAPH ON

An Individual, who, though placed in a menial Situation, was celebrated in the Neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange for his Arithmetical Knowledge, and accurate Information respecting the Funds, Lotteries, Finance, &c.

In Memory of

A faithful servant of a kind and benevolent master.

Placed in a humble station,

He ADDED the strictest Sobriety to inflexible Honesty;

Allowing no SUBTRACTION from his Vigilance and Care,

But DIVIDING with his master all his anxious thoughts,

Although he thereby MULTIPLIED his own.

He always made his own SUM a STOCK of Intelligence,

A FUND of Information to others:

He CONSOLIDATED his mind by Fortitude,

And REDUCED every Calamity by Patience.

Whether THINGS WERE BETTER OR WORSE, he constantly LOOKED UPWARDS;

And with that serenity which marked him truly wise,
He

He was not to be RAISED by A FRACTION, nor DE-
PRESSED with A SHADE.

As it was his master's INTEREST, so he made it his
ACCOUNT

To SATISFY all, and to render to every one his DUE.

Though surrounded by the advocates of CHANCE,

He never denied the dispensations of Providence.

Valuing the HITS of FORTUNE as unexpected
PRIZES,

No BLANK would he ever suffer in his mind;

But was ever full of gladdening hope, and cheerful
expectation

That he should, on the great SETTLING DAY,

Either FIRST or LAST,

Be DRAWN from the grave,

To receive the reward of a good and faithful servant.

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

*The following is the Copy of a Letter from Lord Nelson's
Father, in answer to a gentleman's Congratulations
on the memorable Victory of the Nile.*

"My great and good son went into the world without fortune, but with a heart replete with every moral and religious virtue.—These have been his compass to steer by; and it has pleased God to be his shield in the day of battle, and to give success to his wishes, to be of service to his country. His country seems sensible of his services; but should he ever meet with ingratitude, his scars will cry out and plead his cause—for at the siege of Bastia he lost an eye; at Teneriffe an arm; on the memorable 14th of February he received a severe blow on his body, which he still feels; and now a wound on the head. After all this you will believe his bloom of countenance must be faded, but the spirit beareth up yet as vigorous as ever. On the 29th of September he completed his 40th year; cheerful, generous, and good—fearing no evil because he has done
none;

none ; an honour to my grey hairs, which, with every mark of old age, creep fast upon me."

COCK FIGHTING.

THE origin of this cruel and infamous sport is said to be derived from the Athenians. When THEMISTOCLES was marching against the Persians, he, by the way, espying two cocks fighting, caused his army to halt, and made the following speech to them : " Behold, *these* do not fight for their household gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not give way to the other."

This so encouraged the Grecians that they fought strenuously, and obtained a victory over the Persians ; upon which cock fighting was, by a particular law, ordained to be annually practised at Athens.

The Romans used quails as well as cocks for fighting. The first contention between the two brothers, *Bassianus* and *Geta*, sons of the emperor *Septimus*, happened, according to Herodian, in their youth, about fighting their quails and cocks.

It is probable that cock-fighting was first introduced into this island by the Romans. The bird itself was here before *Cæsar's* arrival.

Fitz-Stephen, who flourished in the reign of Henry II. is the first of our writers who mentions *cocking*, describing it as a sport of school-boys. The cock-pit, it seems, was the school, and the master the controller and director of the sports ! This diversion continued to be followed, though disapproved and prohibited by the 39th of Edward the 3d. It was also prohibited in the reign of Henry the 8th ; and A. D. 1569, as well as by an act of Oliver Cromwell's, March 31st, 1654.

WHO
tell us,
acquire
and tell
This e
what h

WHO
exquisi
its pad
third p
was the
springs
a coach
legs, fo
a postil
with all
flea ! T
chine, b
have su
balloon
Worce
Century
ton mo
he coul
end wit
children
tention

IT is
an epita
still exta
calls dol

DR. JOHNSON,

WHO is said to have had an uncommonly good memory, tell us, that when he was a boy, he used, after he had acquired any fresh knowledge from his books, to run and tell it to an *old woman*, of whom he was very fond. This exercise was so agreeable to him, that it imprinted what he read upon his memory.

BOVERICK,

WHO made chains *to yoke a flea*, must have possessed exquisite patience; besides his chain of 200 links, with its padlock and key, all weighing together less than the third part of a grain; this indefatigable *minute artificer*, was the maker of a landau, which opened and shut by springs; this equipage, with six horses harnessed to it, a coachman sitting on the box, with a dog between his legs, four inside and two outside passengers, besides a postillion riding one of the fore horses, was drawn with all the ease and safety imaginable by a well-trained flea! The inventor and executor of this *puerile machine*, bestowed on it, probably, as much time as would have sufficed to produce Watt's fire, or Montgolfier's balloon. It did not, perhaps, cost the Marquis of Worcester more exertion to draw out his celebrated *Century of Inventions*; it did not, perhaps, cost Newton more to write those queries, which Maclaurin said he could never read without feeling his hair stand on end with admiration. In the education of ingenious children, therefore, we should gradually turn their attention from curious trifles to important subjects.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IT is known that scarce a church in London but had an epitaph on this illustrious woman, of which many are still extant: but Camden has preserved one which he calls *doleful*, but which is a most complete example of the

the false sublime ! It alludes to her body being brought to Whitehall for interment.

The queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars did tears let fall :
More clung about the barge ; fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearl and swome blind after !
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs,
Have rowed her thither in her peoples eyes.
For how so-ere thus much my thoughts have scan'd,
Sh'ed come by water had she come by land.

EARL OF SHAFTSBURY.

A BON MOT of this earl himself, was his truest character. Charles the Second said to him, one day, " Shaftsbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions." He bowed and replied—" Of a *subject*, sir, I believe I am."

GEORGE VILLERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

GAVE the following instance of astonishing quickness; being present at the first representation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, where a lover says,

The wound is great, because it is so small !

The Duke cried out,

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all !

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

ORIGIN OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

SIR,

TO rescue the memory of the dead from the odium of an unjust imputation, has always been deemed a deed worthy of praise. I am, therefore, tempted to send you the following particulars respecting the *Origin of Robinson Crusoe*.

Under

Under
dia Brit
of that
ing men
binson
which
concern
author
charact
touched
Sea, h
sailor,
that de
came b
ventur
to dige
the ma
return
in an h
mance
fir, tha
respec
here g
an equ
suaded
it bet
breath
The
Biogr
De Fo
MIES,
Selkin
uninh
Wood
had b
publi
public
adven
Vo

Under the article *Daniel de Foe*, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, a list is given of the chief publications of that ingenious writer. Among the rest, the following mention is made of his *Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*: "It is an admirable performance, of which there has been editions without number; but concerning which there is an anecdote that does the author of it no credit, as to the better part of a writer's character—*honesty*. When Captain Woods Rogers touched at the island of Juan Fernandes, in the South Sea, he brought away Alexander Selkirk, a Scotch sailor, who had been left ashore there, and had lived on that desolate place above four years. When Selkirk came back to England, he wrote a narrative of his adventures, and put the papers into the hands of *De Foe* to digest for publication, who, *ungenerously*, converted the materials into the History of Robinson Crusoe, and returned Selkirk his papers again! A *fraud*, for which, in an humane view, the distinguished merit of that romance can never atone." It is much to be regretted, sir, that the writer of this article should detail, in such a respectable work, so vile a calumny. To the statement here given, I shall oppose another account, taken from an equally respectable production, and which I am persuaded will have a greater weight with my readers; for it better accords with that beautiful morality which breathes throughout the whole of *De Foe's* writings.

The new edition, in fifteen octavo volumes, of the *Biographical Dictionary*, has, under the article Daniel De Foe, these words: "*De Foe* was said, by his ENEMIES, to have appropriated the papers of Alexander Selkirk, who lived four years and four months in an uninhabited island, until he was relieved by Captain Woods Rogers, in 1709. But the adventures of Selkirk *had been* related in the Captain's voyage, which was published in 1712, and had been *inserted in various publications*. *De Foe* might have obtained, from those adventures, the incidents on which he formed the work;

but the events, the style, and the reflections, were undoubtedly his own."

Here it may be remarked, that *Robinson Crusoe* did not appear till 1719, so that this story of Selkirk, in Captain Woods Rogers's Voyage, must have publicly appeared SEVEN years before. This circumstance exculpates the memory of *De Foe* from the fraud with which it is so unjustly charged. The exceptionable account of it in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, appears to have been taken from Guthrie's Geography, where a similar statement, though somewhat softened, may be found. It is a pity that two such esteemed and popular publications should be made the vehicle of this anonymous slander. *De Foe*, in his life-time, raised numerous enemies on account of his political opinions; for he was the firm and undaunted defender of the revolution of 1688, by which glorious event these realms were delivered from the fangs of slavery and oppression. Every endeavour, therefore, was made to lessen his credit and destroy his reputation. The above origin of *Robinson Crusoe* was, probably, one of the calumnies fabricated on the occasion. Happy, however, shall I deem myself, should this extract from the *Biographical Dictionary*, serve to exonerate him from the vile charge with which his memory has been reproached. He was a very ingenious man, in the highest degree active and useful, and his writings will long continue to instruct and entertain posterity. He died in the year 1731, and was interred in Islington Church-yard.

I subscribe myself,

Sir,

Yours,

J. EVANS.

Hoxton Square
March 1799.

ESSAY

ESSAY ON THE ANIMAL CREATION.

(Concluded from page 239.)

THERE are many reasons which render what we have now shewn to be *possible*, to be highly probable.

There is not, perhaps, in the whole extent of creation, a solitary insulated individual, detached and unconnected with orders superior and inferior to it. Look at the animal, look at the vegetable tribes, how regular is the gradation, from absolutely unorganised matter to life, from life to sense, from sense to reflection, sublimity of thought, and all the capacities for immortality ! Look at the world above us, the same progression *there* exhibits itself—the same varieties, and system of links in the great series are to be traced out ; from angels to arch angels, cherubs and seraphs, order rises after order, and presents, as it were, an exact counterpart to the rule by which all things are constituted below. Now if it is evidently a rule which the wisdom of the Divine Artist has prescribed unto himself, that one order of beings shall rise, as it were, out of another, in everlasting succession ; and all the branches of the creation be connected together in one vast series, and constitute portions of the great chain—what reason has *man* to fix his foot on any one particular link and say, “ from hence, and from hence only, shall the tendency toward immortality be calculated ? ” What reason have we to account ourselves the starting point, while all beneath us returns to the dust and perishes, and is heard of no more ? We acknowledge ourselves to be the next step in succession below the angelic nature ; and shall we not acknowledge that *beings*, who, as we have already shewn, are eminently suited for the continuation of the chain, may possibly be the next step below us ? Why abridge the field of Divine benevolence ? Why make

G g 2

unnecessary

unnecessary interruption in the grand system of creation?

If man be the lowest gradation in the intellectual system, then all the ranks beneath us must become, of course, but merely animated matter; and the life which is bestowed *equally* upon ten thousand orders of creatures, would give just as much intelligence to the one as to the other. In other words, not a grain to either of them; but is this conclusion found to tally with experience? Will any one ascribe the same degree of sagacity to the ass and the hog, as to the "half-reasoning elephant"—the spaniel and the fox? There are, therefore, gradations of intelligence below as well as superior to us; man is not the starting point in the intellectual system, and the privilege of immortality ought not to be confined to him and to the orders which move above him.

It will be said, perhaps, that this is begging the question; that the inferior orders of creatures are endowed with instinct—not reason; but where shall we draw the line between them? Is not this a distinction without a difference? It is said that instinct differs from reason, in that the one is progressive and capable of improvement, whereas the other is bounded by a *certain fixed and determined point*, which is common to all the individuals of a species, and beyond which they pass not over; but this is a distinction which is by no means admissible. The instinct of a brute is as capable of improvement as the reason of a man, could we with equal ease communicate our ideas to him: it is the defect of language, not of capacity, which chains them down to ignorance;—compare the trained scholar at Astley's, with the miserable drudge, tugging from day to day, in the squalid shafts of the scavenger; the "Learned Pig," with the disgusting epicure, fattening on offals in the sty, and say, does instinct in the one outstrip it in the other? Is there here a *determined point* common to both, which education cannot surmount?

mount ? In addition to these observations, it is easy to shew that the defect of stimulus, not of capacity, conspires as much to prevent the lower ranks of the creation from rising above their present state of degradation. We rail at luxury, but it is luxury which has given to man the dignified rank in which we behold him. It is the elegant enjoyments of life which have aroused his slumbering faculties, and led him by the hand from savage life—the woods and the mountains, to society, arts, manufactures, and all the refinements of civilization. Where factitious wants are unknown, the human race are just as much the creatures of instinct as the beasts of the desert. When Julius Cæsar landed in Britain, its inhabitants were probably arrived but at the degree of improvement in which 500 years before had seen their forefathers ; and it is certain, that at the present day, the inhabitants of the South Sea islands are just as uncultivated as when Tasman, and the other voyagers visited them 150 years ago. Having nothing to hope beyond the supply of nature's simple wants, those wants are no sooner satisfied than exertion drops its hand ; endued with the distinguishing powers of speech, man is then but a mere animal still, till you give him a taste for luxury ; and if you rear the beast in ease and indulgence, all the motions of his frame, and all the habits he forms, will evince the improvement of his instinct, and give the incontestible demonstration that it is as capable of enlargement as the boasted reason of man. Instinct and reason are, therefore, only distinctions which the pride of man has adopted ; they imply faculties which are different only under different circumstances, and every argument for immortality, which is deducible from the one is equally deducible from the other. We must deny that the possession of reason is an intimation of a future state to ourselves, or we must allow the same courtesy to the humble child of instinct.

It may not be amiss in this place to revert to the terms of honour in which the spirit of inspiration speaks of the dignity and excellence of man—to the price at which he was redeemed from impending perdition—to the promises, the aids, the encouragements which have been since communicated unto us. Are these circumstances consistent with the supposition that man is, indeed, the lowest link in the intellectual chain? the dregs of the intellectual world? the last of the creatures of God, who must expect to surmount the wreck of these tabernacles of flesh? The supposition is pregnant with absurdity and inconsistency.

Again—The doctrines of Revelation furnish us with many presumptions from which we can do no less than infer the conclusion contended for. It is a prominent feature which strikes us on the first glance at the sacred volume, that *evil* is the result and consequence of man's disobedience; for this the ground was cursed—desolation let loose upon the earth—the seasons changed—toil rendered indispensable, and all its train of attendant evils superinduced; for this the bullock is yoked to the share,—for this warfare and distress scare and afflict the tenants of the waste; and men are taught to hurt and to destroy. On what principle can we justify such changes as these in the œconomy of nature? for what reasons am I compelled to bear the chastisement which another's crimes have merited? Is *he* just and righteous who inflicts stripes on me which *I* have never earned?—that the inferior tribes of the creation had no share in the guilt which has disarranged the beautiful system once established—no share in the crime, the effects of which they suffer will not, for a moment, be disputed. It is *necessary*, indeed, that they should *bear*, in order that the purposes of benevolence to man may be accomplished; but it is necessary also, that they should be recompenced, or heaven is unjust. We cannot fail of remarking, in this place, that the circumstance of being partakers with *us* in our punishment, but not in our crimes,

crimes
which
Far
has be
of the
good
ted,
world
affura
be co
vindi
who
upon
it wi
have
who
annil
T
are o
ther
being
guilt
brute
them
want
of m
tions
the
horse
entire
made
made
to en
whic
pine
must
argu
way

crimes, gives them a claim to the glorious hope on which we reckon, which is even superior to our own.

Farther—The doctrines of Revelation teach us what has been adopted by the thoughtful mind in every age of the world (*viz.*) that the unequal distributions of good and evil, in the present life, are to be compensated, and all inequalities adjusted in another better world. What then are we to infer from this general assurance, that equity will be universal? or that it is to be confined to those who walk erect? That it will vindicate the oppressions, the groans, the sighs of those who have never violated a command—never trampled upon divine authority—never merited a stripe? or that it will turn with deating fondness to those whose days have been an almost uninterrupted tissue of crimes? who have justly merited not pity, but vengeance and annihilation?

This argument, deduced from the inequalities which are obvious in the present state, may be carried yet farther; deriving our origin from one common source of being, we are all equally entitled to happiness. It is guilt alone which can constitute a difference; but the brute creation are incapable of guilt; unless you allow them the power of abstract reasoning, which alone is wanting to render their faculties exactly similar to those of man. The equity which awaits the divine distributions, necessitates, therefore, a future compensation to the patient child of oppression—the miserable dray horse, and the pampered steed of luxury, are equally entitled to ease and plenty. But is the distribution made to the one equally equitable with the distribution made to the other? has the wretched slave no reason to envy his favoured brother? The sum of happiness which the one enjoys, mocks comparison with the happiness which smiles upon the other; and the account must eventually be balanced; or, we know of no arguments with which to defeat the aspersions, that the ways of heaven are partial and unjust.

On

On the whole, then, it must be allowed, that however man, of all the sublunary creation, may affect to arrogate to himself the exclusive privilege of immortality, plausible presumptions are not wanting to shew, that the inferior tribes may (for aught we know) be exalted above their present humble state, and all their sorrows be redressed. Both reason and revelation furnish us with arguments in favour of the hope; and the equity of the divine dispensations apparently stands or falls with it. In this point of view every thing is illustrative of the Eternal God—the God of Righteousness and Truth! In every other, clouds and darkness are upon him, and doubts and apprehensions must be our fellow travellers till we arrive at the great day of decision.

What an appeal then, is preferred *in* these considerations, to our sympathy! to our tenderness! The companions of our toil are not mere machines. Like ourselves, they possess faculties which must for ever be—treat them then as immortals—stay the uplifted hand of passion—relax the sordid gripe of avarice—pity their sorrows, and demean yourselves towards them as towards an order of beings of whose assistance you may wish to avail yourselves *in another world*.

W. H.

A

LETTER FROM MISS KEPPEL,

WHOSE CORPSE WAS STOLEN OUT OF THE FAMILY VAULT BY SURGEONS, TO HER MOTHER.

[*Extracted from Dr. Hill's Admonitions of the Dead to the Living.*]

MADAM,

I DREAD to enter on my story, but I must. O madam! hear, without too much emotion, what I have suffered without all feeling, except of indignation.

I hung

I hung
the bo
where
light:
holy fil
lock, th
feet alo
one ent
resolute
power
his erra
he seize
open th
it with
lowed
He took
never e
my bod
A fire
be fold
while it
house.
man: f
more i
spirit, v
corpse.

I wa
room, a
Kniv
ments b
feared,
Every
have loc
of your
crimina
you hav
They
knife w

I hung about the lead in which your care had wrapped the body I once animated, preferring the dark vault where that was lodged, to the free air and cheerful daylight: at midnight, a strange noise broke in upon the holy silence of the place, the key turned softly in the lock, the heavy gate opened, and I heard the tread of feet along the isle. The vault door was torn open, and one entered with looks of desperation and of terror, yet resolute and guilty. I trembled as if yet within the power of hurt. I was all suspense, to know whither his errand led him. Alas, 'twas to my little corner: he seized the small repository of my body, and, tearing open the first covering, took out the lead, and carried it with him. I feared, indeed, the touch of his unhallowed hands, but I was reserved to more pollution. He took the little lead to a mean cottage, such as I never entered living; he now unloosed the joints, took my body out, and laid it carelessly in an obscure corner. A fire was made, and the lid was melted, that it might be sold, the perquisite of his theft. Me he carried, while it was yet night, tumbled into a basket, to another house. I was received by an ill looked wretch, a woman: shame to her sex and nature! I was laid once more in a cold corner, naked and unregarded. This spirit, who now tells you the event, still watched the corpse.

I was, at early day-light, removed into an upper room, and stretched indecently upon a bloody table.

Knives, saws, and scissars, with many horrid instruments besides, were spread upon the board; and all I feared, and even more than I could fear, happened. Every eye was employed on me. O could your eyes have looked upon the spectacle, and have seen the body of your daughter stretched out like that of some forfeit criminal to more than hangman's butchery, how would you have torn the skies in calls for justice?

They quickly began the horrible work; the shining knife was plunged into my breast, and my whole body was

was laid open, my entrails were taken out, and mangled; my head was cut afunder, with my brain, the seat of sense, and in some degree of understanding: my eyes were taken out, and mangled: but, what is worse; after they had served the base purpose, the brutes had not the decency to put them again into their places. O shame! O horror!

Will you suppose that any thing remained to crown the scene of butchery? Alas! the greatest part remained. The scene continued many days: O that some friendly eye had seen and told you of it, to have prevented part, if not the whole. When all, I thought, was over; when all had been done that I have told you of; I did suppose I should have been returned, if not into the vault, at least somewhere to the earth. Alas, no! They now began, with a new sort of instruments, to sever all the flesh from off the bones, and this they did slowly, and by piece-meal. Never let tortures of inquisitions be held in horror: these are worse. What if they exercise their butchery on the dead? And who knows that they exercise it only on the dead! the living would not escape, could they come at them. Nay, let it be lawful to tell you what I heard, I was a witness to their wishes on several occasions, that this had been a living subject.

The bloated butcher stood over my fair body, and stripping, with a two-edged knife, the skin, he lifted piece by piece, the flesh under it. He took it not away at once, but held each piece, to explain some speech, and severed it at leisure. Thus I was cut into a thousand pieces, stripped to the bones, nay and those bones preserved, boiled, scraped and tied with wires, for you, perhaps unknowing that they were formed within your own chaste body, to gaze upon.

The flesh that covered them, no sacred earth received again: no offices interred. No tear was paid to all the undeserved sufferings; but piece by piece, as it had served the purpose, it was thrown into a basket, offal, and

and use
Tham
piety!

Thu
disposed
to kiss,
themsel
respect
with m
happine
together

Being a
A

SIR
WH
mankind
may be
sider tha
particula
pines n
upon w
broken;
fancy is
livered f
fancy, a
You hav
against r
concurr

You h
ther, tha
apparatus
feel, and
which I
in which
soon to fo

and useless, and what dogs spared was thrown into the Thames, the food of rats and fishes. Of fishes ! O impiety ! which you, perhaps, may taste.

Thus, madam, is that daughter, whom you doated on disposed of : Thus are those limbs, which you was used to kiss, severed from one another, nay parted from themselves, and scattered about different places. With respect to me, this is beyond a remedy : nor is it so bad with me, but that I know, he who will always make happiness the reward of innocence, will gather them together, and restore me to myself.

THE REPLY,

Being a Letter from Miss Keppel to the Author of the Admonitions from the Dead to the Living.

SIR,

WHOEVER attempts to instruct or to amend mankind by exhibiting such *admonitions*, as the living may be supposed to receive from the dead, should consider that in a separate state no fondness or aversion to particular circumstances, that can produce neither happiness nor misery, remains ; all associations of ideas, upon which this fondness or aversion depends, are broken ; reason is predominant, and the tyranny of fancy is at an end. But, on the contrary, you have delivered such precepts from the dead, as this tyranny of fancy, and these absurd associations only can excuse. You have laboured to excite the passions to rebellion against reason, to approve and condemn without her concurrence, and to sacrifice realities to a name.

You have represented me as complaining to a mother, that my body was dissected ; as shocked at the apparatus of knives and saws which I could no longer feel, and disgusted at the treatment of that clay with which I had no more connection than with the dust in which it had been buried, and with which it was soon to form one common mass.

If

If the departed spirit be supposed to consider with regret any of the circumstances which you have related, with what anguish must it reflect on the gradual putrefaction of the carcass, which living was rendered loathsome by disease, and dead is rotting in the grave? How pathetically might I have been presented to complain that my body was not preserved by spirits and gums, and how cruelly might I have tormented a tender parent, by representing the cheeks which she had so often pressed to her bosom, as clammy and livid, and covered with the most odious vermin, which they contributed to propagate and to feed; the lips which she had been used to kiss in a transport of parental affection, as giving passage to the most hateful reptiles; and admitting the hideous length of the worm that rioted in their destruction; the body and limbs as half rotted and half devoured, crawled over by the newt and the toad, and avoided by every human being with loathing and abhorrence?

If it is injurious to dissect, it is surely injurious not to embalm; and, if reason is not exerted to correct the officious follies of imagination, it would no longer be true, that, in the grave, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; the poor would not escape from the miseries of indigence, nor the rich be removed beyond the influence of wealth.

The principal facts upon which you have founded that letter, which you ascribe to me, are true: the vault door, in which my remains were deposited, was broken open, and the looks of those that entered did indeed express terror, mingled with a resolution, by which it was surmounted; but these looks touched me with no passion but pity. I was grieved that it became necessary to violate the laws for the benefit of society, and that the dead were withheld, when they might benefit the living. I was grieved too, that those who appeared still to believe that they perpetrated an injury on the

dead,

dead, forward rejoiced not limited sure w of some might my ret not ag offices concern mixtur lating in Spin for the among manne influen every

To diculor is wick and it tender ginatio her fer have r more f lation, and all be fou guishe

Upo moval to enc and ha tually

Vo

dead, should persist from no motive but pecuniary reward ; but, as I knew the purpose of their errand, I rejoiced that, as my life was short, my usefulness was not limited by its duration ; and I anticipated the pleasure which I might hereafter enjoy, upon the recovery of some useful member of society from a disease, which might have been fatal, but from the knowledge which my remains were now about to afford. That I should not again be interred in sacred ground, and that no offices would again be repeated over me, gave me no concern ; and upon this occasion, I reflected with a mixture of contempt and pity, on the practice of polluting places, in which the God of Purity is worshipped in Spirit and Truth, by converting them into cemeteries for the dead ; a practice which is still likely to continue among those who cannot surely believe the place or the manner in which the body is buried, can, in any degree, influence the sentence which shall be pronounced, when every one is judged according to his works.

To commiserate that which cannot suffer is surely ridiculous, and an attempt to produce such commiseration is wicked ; it is perverting kindness to produce misery, and it is arming virtue against herself. If the parental tenderness of my mother had been less ardent, her imagination would have been less in your power ; and if her feminine virtues had been more languid, she would have reflected upon a fancied violation of modesty with more fortitude ; but that Being which is capable of violation, and which is susceptible of pleasure and pain, and allied to the survivors upon earth, is no longer to be found among them, when the lamp of life is extinguished, and the spirit dismissed from the body.

Upon the propagation of these truths, and the removal of popular prejudices, which you have laboured to encrease, depends the health and the life of mankind, and he who prevents the dissection of the dead eventually destroys the living.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

A TALE.

[Concluded from page 263.]

ABOUT a month after Mrs. Villars had related her story, and when she was perfectly recovered from her accident, and her sweet babe, cherished with the consequences of the kind treatment and nutritious food her mother daily received, was glowing with health and beauty, Dr. Blake, one evening, called upon Mr. Howard, and after some general discourse, told him that he wished for his company the next morning, to visit an hospital patient. "With all my heart," said the good man "I do not know a more affecting or instructive scene than a visit to a public infirmary sometimes affords. The heart that can see it without the liveliest emotion, is, I am sure, unfit to be called human."

In the morning Dr. Blake was punctual to his appointment, Mr. Howard was also ready, and, as they went along, was informed by the Doctor, that when he mentioned an hospital the evening before, he did not say exactly what he meant, as it was a prison and not an hospital to which he was about to take his friend.— "I was not more explicit last night," said he, "for fear I should raise expectations which might not be gratified, but I am much mistaken if something may not be heard by us to day, which may lead to the unravelling of some part of that mystery which has been such a source of misery to poor Mrs. Villars. It is from the man we are going to see that I expect this; he was terribly wounded yesterday in a fray between himself, some of his companions, and a party of police officers, who attempted to apprehend a notorious thief, with whom he was in company, at a house of ill-fame, not far from the prison." Soon after this account, which

filled

filled M
rived a
said th
have li
generou
sha'nt h

Mr.
tone wi
and con
they we
wretch
their vi
his agit
that dic
the gar
stopped
every f
out, in
to see i
kind i
had tw
across
feel it
at an
conscie
now.—
parati
mitted

"I
"and
have t
to des
would
yourse
the p
you h
the b
woun

filled Mr. Howard with musing, was finished, they arrived at the place of their destination—"Ah! sir," said the keeper, as he entered, "I believe you will have little more trouble with the scoundrel you have so generously attended; he'll give us the slip at last, we sha'nt have the satisfaction of *cramping* the dog."

Mr. Howard involuntarily shuddered at the unfeeling tone with which all this was said; and also at the dreary and comfortless appearance of the solitary cell into which they were admitted—it was nearly half filled with the wretched iron-framed bed, upon which the object of their visit lay. It should seem that their entrance broke his agitated slumbers, for he cried out—"It was not I that did it! I was much less concerned than the rest of the gang." The Doctor and Mr. Howard would have stopped awhile; but the keeper, who was callous to every shape of human misery, pressed on, and roared out, in a surly tone—"Here's the Doctor come again to see if he can patch you up for the Old Bailey." This kind intimation effectually waked the prisoner. He had two or three bad wounds, and particularly one across his chest. He groaned piteously, and said—"I feel it is all over—I am a dying man—human power is at an end—it will soon be able to inflict no more; but conscience was never more alive or terrible than it is now.—Gentlemen, hear my confession, it is the only reparation I can now make for the outrages I have committed against my fellow creatures."

"I must dress your wounds first," said the Doctor, "and then we shall willingly attend to whatever you have to say; and I conjure you not to abandon yourself to despair. If it is possible for you to recover, I hope you would, by the divine assistance, do all that you promise yourself now." "There is no recovery for me;" said the poor wretch, "but you are very kind, do what you please." The Doctor now proceeded to take off the bandages and remove the dressing; the principal wound was greatly inflamed, and shewed signs of mortification,

rification; new dressings were put on, and, by the Doctor's orders, a cordial administered to the patient; when this was done, his spirits were something cheered; and he entered upon his relation. It was a melancholy picture of human depravity which his story exhibited. Many instances of robbery and violence were recounted, "but there is one transaction," said he, "in which I was concerned, which has given me more trouble than all the rest. About sixteen months ago, I and *five* others, besides one that we called captain, went about 11 o'clock at night to the house of a young gentleman, near Walworth, which stands by itself, and took him, just as he was going to bed, blindfolded, his hands tied behind him, and a gag in his mouth, to a hackney coach, which we had in waiting. I shall never forget the shrieks and tears of a lovely young woman, who, I suppose, was his wife. Even then my heart misgave me, and I half repented of the share I had in this diabolical business. As we proceeded in our enterprize, however, these misgivings subsided, the reward I was to have, in common with the rest; and the fear of being thought less bold in villainies than my companions, dazzled my eyes, and made me resolve to go through with what I had begun.

We were driven to Greenwich, where we found a boat prepared for our reception, or to speak more accurately, for the reception of our prisoner and *part* of our set. Our captain discharged *four* of the gang, when our charge was safely lodged in the boat; I was one of the *two* he detained. Upon being informed that if he made any noise, or asked any questions, he should be instantly dispatched, the gag was taken from the mouth of our captive; and he was even asked to partake of some biscuit, cheese, and grog, which were handed about. At first he refused, but soon after he changed his note, made efforts to rally his spirits, and ate pretty heartily of what was offered to him. The day was nearly breaking when we arrived at the last ship that was at anchor in *Long Reach*. She lay considerably beyond the rest,

our

our ca
men i
ing ov
He be
blow,
ness;
landed
fifty p
gentle
most
very f
I doub
if he v
tainly
about.
becam
the cl
said D
for us
"turn
told u
mercy
"Yor
perha
curing
sisted
yet in
I coul
Th
wrote
havin
Mr. I
rious
at pre
Th
has b
tea co

our captain whistled as soon as we got alongside; two men instantly came down the ladder, which was hanging over the side, and to them we delivered our prey. He began to cry out and attempt some resistance, but a blow, given him by the captain, soon settled the business; he was immediately carried on board, and we landed in the morning at Greenwich, and, having shared fifty pounds a-piece for the affair, dispersed. This, gentleman, is the circumstance of my life which lies most upon my conscience; there was, certainly, some very foul play in the matter, and the poor young man, I doubt, was murdered, when the ship got out to sea—if he was, the Lord have mercy on my soul; for I certainly, as I have told you, had a hand in bringing it about. As to what ship he was put on board, or what became of him afterwards, I have no more notion than the child that is unborn.” “It is as I suspected,” said Dr. Blake to Mr. Howard, “but this is no story for us to tell at home at present. My friend,” said he, “turning to the wounded man “are you sure you have told us all you know of this affair?”—“As I hope for mercy in another world, I have told all I know.” “You have done well, I will see you again to-morrow; perhaps, if you live, you may be instrumental in procuring justice for the poor man whom you so cruelly assisted in tearing from his friends and country, if he be yet in the land of the living.” “If I could, sir, I think I could die content.”

The two gentlemen now took their leave of this wretched object. The Doctor went his usual rounds, having appointed to spend the evening with his friend. Mr. Howard returned home, musing on that mysterious darkness in which the ways of Providence are, at present, wrapped up.

The evening arrived, and with it Dr. Blake.—“This has been a day of wonders,” said he, as soon as the tea equipage was dismissed—“*the ways of heaven are,*

to us, *dark and intricate*, but they are never unjust—beautiful is that scriptural sentiment, “weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning;” “You, madam,” said he, “addressing Mrs. Villars, “are an example that heaven is able to support his virtuous children under a vast pressure of distress; I trust, however, that the sky is about to clear up. I rejoice to see your health so well restored, and your dear babe such a picture of health as well as loveliness. I think I have in my pocket something that will prove a richer cordial to your heart than any which the noblest powers of medicine can supply.” Poor Mrs. Villars was almost breathless with suspense, and threw her arm round Mrs. Howard; the whole circle involuntarily drew their chairs nearer each other, while Dr. Blake drew from his pocket a morning paper, and read the following advertisement: “*If Maria Villars is living, she is intreated, without delay, to communicate the place of her residence to a dear friend, who will, for a week longer, be heard of at the Globe, in Fore Street.*” “Oh!” said Mrs. Villars, falling on the neck of Mrs. Howard, and almost strangling her in an agony of joy, “it is my Henry, I am sure it is.—Merciful Father! how has he been preserved!—It is he indeed—he lives, he lives!!” No description can give an idea of the various emotions which agitated the bosoms of the whole groupe upon this occasion—the gentlemen were, for some time, fully employed in supporting and administering salts, and other accustomed remedies, both to Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Villars; at length a plentiful shower of tears relieved each, and composure enough was restored to permit them again to peruse the happy advertisement which had diffused such joy amongst them.

It was found that *five* days had elapsed from the time in which it was dated. “The place,” said Mr. Howard, “is quite in our own neighbourhood, and this night we will know all that the advertiser can tell us.” “I’ll go to him this instant,” said Edwin, “I

know

know the Globe very well, it is not above two miles from this door—I shall be back in less than an hour.” “My dear boy,” said Mr. Howard, “you shall not be deprived of the pleasure which I know this trip will give your kind heart; but you must let me be a partner in the delight. It is improper that, at this time of the night, though there is a moon, you should go alone, and especially on such an errand. Doctor, you will, I am sure, take care of the ladies, and Amelia will do her best to help you.” “God bless and prosper you both,” was echoed from every mouth, as the father and son left the room.

The agitation of Mrs. Villars encreased so much, when less than an hour was spent, that Dr. Blake and Mrs. Howard, both entreated her to retire to bed, “If Mr. Villars should actually be the advertiser, as, indeed, I suspect and hope he is, your being there,” said Mrs. Howard, “will be no impediment to your meeting this very night, and if it should not be him, your spirits have been so overcharged that rest is become absolutely necessary for you.” Dr. Blake concurred in this advice, and Mrs. Villars, who felt how glad, at any rate, she should be to be alone, easily consented, and in a little time was lying by the side of her little Maria, who, with a deepened glow upon her cheeks, from that circumstance, was in her *first* sleep.

In less than half an hour after she had retired, a gentle knock was heard at the street-door—every eye was fixed. “I am sure that is my considerate husband,” said Mrs. Howard, “and from his caution I have no doubt but it is as I expected, Mr. Villars is with them.”—She was right, the parlour-door opened, and the husband of Maria entered. He looked round, and his drooping eye acknowledged his disappointment in not instantly seeing the dear object he had been taught to expect. Mrs. Howard understood all that he felt, and with that amiable frankness which, especially when she knew she was conferring happiness, adorned her

her natural gracefulness, said—"Dear sir, be not alarmed, Mrs. Villars is only slightly indisposed; the unexpected joy of this day has been a trial to her spirits, but she has borne it nobly—in a few moments you shall see her, and what you have never yet seen, your little cherub of a daughter."

"Stay, madam, I beseech you," said Henry, "kill me not at once with such an influx of joy.—Father and preserver of my life!" exclaimed he, falling on his knees, "teach me to bear thy smiles with some degree of composure! Gracious Providence! these are thy ministers," looking round on the groupe that were eagerly stretching their congratulatory hands, "shower down thy blessings upon them!—Give them the honour, for years to come, of gloriously imitating thee!"—"Rise, sir," resounded on all sides, "you distress us with your gratitude." He rose, but he could not now speak; his manly heart beat against his breast, and he sobbed aloud. In about ten minutes he was able to take some refreshment, and then his kind hosts led him to Mrs. Villars.

By the time Mr. Howard and his family were assembled in the morning, their new guest made one of the company, and in a few minutes after Mrs. Villars, with a countenance expressive of as much happiness as ever sparkled in a human face, joined them. It was now she appeared like her original self—lovely as when, under her paternal roof, she first captivated the affections of Henry. If there were any difference, it was in favour of her present appearance; sorrow had given a mild lustre to her charms, which formerly was not so visible. It had softened the natural expression of her eyes, and increased, instead of diminishing their real beauty. Henry gazed upon her with mute joy. "O, my preserver!" said she, addressing Mr. Howard, "what a treat for your benevolent heart has my Henry to give! It is no partial deliverance!—it is no half joy which a bountiful Providence is showering upon us!—the cloud

is

is wh
O blef
gether
ter of
Prospe
tion a
words
same,
those
ments
heart
Henry
as at
morni
held m
read t
school
feldom
what,
livered
it was
saw n
If reli
the n
demn
My y
soning
charac
firmed
troub
all tha
thoug
what
from
have,
from t
of rel

is *wholly* dispersed!—the thunder is *all* rolled away! O bless the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.” “Most willingly,” replied the delighted master of the mansion, “this is beginning where we ought. Prosperity will be sanctified when it lays its first oblation at the footstool of heaven.” As he uttered these words he fell upon his knees, the whole family did the same, and, for about ten minutes, were delighted with those appropriate, manly, grateful, and serious sentiments which flowed not only from the lips, but the heart of this good man. “My dear sir!” exclaimed Henry, “I never felt the power of religion so forcibly as at the present moment. I shall never forget this morning so long as I draw breath. Scepticism has long held my heart in its icy embraces; in my early youth I read the common routine of religious expressions in my school books; and sometimes, at church, for I was but seldom conducted thither, I heard, by way of sermon, what, when I could understand, was a slight essay, delivered as if it were a matter of no consequence, whether it was heard or not. At home, I am sorry to say, I saw nothing that could turn my thoughts to seriousness. If religion was ever mentioned, it was to brand it with the name of enthusiasm and priestcraft; and to condemn all its professors in the lump as knaves and fools. My young heart could not detect the fallacy of this reasoning, and some examples of glaring inconsistency in characters who made high pretensions to sanctity, confirmed my delusion. Scepticism was increased by my troubles.—I felt miserable, but I thought I had known all that religion could do to help me, and, therefore, I thought not at all of seeking any refuge there; but what I have seen under this roof, and what I have heard from Maria, who has witnessed so much more than I have, has convinced me of my mistake. I renounce, from this moment, my absurd and groundless contempt of religion. I will calmly and deliberately read the Bible

Bible for myself; and you, my more than father, already have taught me by example where to look for assistance in every future difficulty."

Mrs. Villars shed tears of rapture, and grasped her husband's hand, while he thus avowed the honest feelings of an open, but hitherto a misguided heart. Mr. Howard said "Heaven confirm all this, and I am blessed indeed!" Mrs. Howard looked uncommonly delighted. Edwin thought of some books he would ask his father to point out to Mr. Villars, and, just at this instant, Amelia coming in with her sister Emma and little Maria, this happy family sat down to breakfast. The tea things were just removed when Dr. Blake entered.—"You are the very man we were wishing for; come, draw your chair, and hear the wonderful means by which we are all made thus happy—Mr. Villars is going to favour us with his history." "With which," said Mrs. Villars, "no one has a better right to be made acquainted than Dr. Blake, who has contributed so much to my Henry's joy, by restoring me." No one, I am sure, can more heartily rejoice in the felicity I see around me," said the Doctor, "than I do, and as my time is limited, and the narrative must unavoidably take up some time, I must entreat Mr. Villars to enter upon it as soon as he can: the same wish naturally occupying every one, Henry immediately began. He related the particulars with which the reader is already acquainted, and then proceeded as follows:

"I was put, by the two men who received me from the boat, into a small place by the side of the steerage of the vessel, and was told, that the usage I was to receive would depend upon the manner in which I conducted myself; if, for a few days, I kept myself quiet, food should be brought me, and, afterwards, I should have the range of the ship; but, that if I attempted, until leave was given me to quit the place in which I was now put, instant death would be the consequence,

as

as I sh
resistan
they w
fifth d
upon d
of whe
I migh
fel I p
more r
fate, a
we we
of me t
quire.
eleven
danger
before
effecte
I was r
board,
money
had esc
"I
a count
therefo
In the
water-
I had b
imprae
ever he
I soon,
vengean
employ
portuni
"I n
I met v
light ar
objectio
than ter

as I should be thrown overboard. Having no means of resistance or relief, I determined quietly to submit, and they were as good as they had promised to be. On the fifth day of my confinement, I was told that I might go upon deck ; and, that upon condition of saying nothing of where I came from, or how I was brought thither, I might be the whole day in whatever part of the vessel I pleased. I readily agreed to these terms, became more reconciled to what appeared to be my inevitable fate, and for some days we sailed on. I soon understood we were bound for America ; but what was to become of me there, I was at a loss to guess, and I dared not enquire. Our voyage was extremely tedious ; it was eleven weeks before we came in sight of Hell Gate, a dangerous passage near New York, and almost two more before we were able to land. This, however, was at last effected ; and one night, when it was completely dark, I was rowed on shore by the two men who took me on board, and bid to shift for myself. I asked for some money, but was refused, and bid to be thankful that I had escaped with my life.

" I was now alone in a foreign land, but still it was a country where my own language was spoken. I had, therefore, hopes that I should not long be unfriended. In the morning, my first impulse was to go down to the water-side, and try if I could discover the ship in which I had been brought ; this, however, I soon found to be impracticable, I had never seen the outside, nor had I ever heard the name of either the ship or the captain. I soon, therefore, gave up all schemes of discovery and vengeance, and thought only of getting some present employment, determining to embrace the earliest opportunity of returning to England.

" I made several applications to no purpose ; at length I met with a store-keeper, who wanted a porter for light articles, and occasionally to act as clerk ; the only objection was, that he would not employ me for less than ten months ; this was longer than I wished to be confined,

confined, but I was obliged to submit. I entered into articles with this man, and was able to save a few pounds from my wages; for the bargain was that I was to board myself. I wrote again and again to England, but received no reply; this is now sufficiently accounted for. The ten months moved heavily on, they expired, however, at last; and I soon had the pleasure of finding myself once more on the ocean, and on the way to my native land. How dreadful is suspense in such critical cases as these; hopes and fears alternately predominated during the anxious six weeks that our voyage lasted. At last the dear wished for land appeared; the blue mountains dimly seen in the horizon, grew gradually more and more visible, as we entered and sailed up the channel. My heart, sometimes, almost died within me, when I reflected that, perhaps, this dear native country, so long and so earnestly desired by me, might now contain only the grave of all that was dearest to me. Henry looked at his wife as he said this—her eyes, filled to the brim with tears, returned the tender glance, and he went on. At length I once more trod on English ground; I hastened to Walworth, but, alas! no Maria was there. I enquired about the neighbourhood, but to no purpose.—The tradesmen with whom we once dealt—some were dead, one or two were removed, and those who were still there, could give me no tidings of my wife. After a day or two of unspeakable anguish, I recollected the public papers, and inserted the advertisement which has led me to the summit of my wishes. I now went to the office in which I had passed several years;—my companions were delighted to see me, and eagerly enquired what had become of Maria—I was unable to satisfy their enquiries, but from them I received a solution of all the ænigmas which have, for the last sixteen months confounded my understanding, and brought such accumulated distress upon those dear parts of myself. The letter which I

am

am abo
post of
tents o
now le
book o
a silen
the wr

“ I
have I
the ma
length
living
would
our fr
I rece
—Yor
son, y
kind—
trefs v
well a
treach
my aff
that th
pened
would
tion.
plotte
time o
acquai
not ca
of the
busine
which
ted to
his pr
consec
Vo

am about to read had been delivered for me from the post office, about ten days before I called. The contents of it will fill up my story, and display what I have now learned to call, one page more of the mysterious book of Providence. It is from my father, and explains a silence which I have often attributed to the death of the writer.

“MY DEAR SON,

“If, indeed, I have a son yet in existence; often have I wondered that no answer had been returned to the many letters which I have addressed to you. At length I concluded you were dead, for had you been living, and had my letters reached you, I was sure you would have given me some reply. I wrote to several of our friends in England, and at length from two of them I received an account that you were actually no more.—You are astonished how all this could happen. My son, you know not the abominable depravity of mankind—one consummate villain was the cause of that distress which, I doubt not, has tortured your bosom as well as mine. It was my steward, an artful, base, and treacherous hypocrite; for years he had conducted all my affairs with skill and fidelity, and little did I suspect that the declaration I made, that if any thing had happened to you my only child, he should be my heir, would prove, perhaps, the very cause of your destruction. From that moment there can be no doubt but he plotted your ruin; how far he may have succeeded time only can shew, for I am even now but imperfectly acquainted with the particulars of his scheme. He could not carry on his plots without several accomplices; one of these, of course, resided in this place.—It was the business of this fellow narrowly to watch all letters which arrived at my house; and, before I was permitted to see them; they were submitted to the scrutiny of his principal; these rogues at length disagreed, and in consequence of this a letter from you reached my hand,

VOL. VI.

I i

this

this blasted the whole scheme.—I sent for my steward, read your letter to him, and charged him with a design to murder my son—he stood self-condemned, admitted even this article of the charge; and acknowledged that he had forged those letters from our English friends which gave an account of your death; the originals, together with several letters from you, he had destroyed as soon as he had read their contents. Neither threats nor entreaties could prevail upon him to say what steps he had taken to dispose of you. He said he really did not know whether you were alive or dead; this, I suppose, may be true, and therefore it is with the greatest anxiety that I write, and till I receive an answer the cruelest suspense must rack my bosom. The villain, whose avarice, dazzled with the magnitude of my estate, prompted him to such terrible means to ensure its possession, is no more; no sooner was he left to himself than he put an end to his existence, and the few papers he left behind him, except those which belonged to his office, as my steward, threw no light upon this nefarious business.

“I find by the letter which has reached me, that you are married, and, according to your own account, very happily. I know not the object of your choice, that, I suppose, some of the destroyed letters gave an account of; but this I know, that you had a right to choose for yourself, and I do not think you will have made a choice I shall disapprove. I send this letter the first moment I can after the discovery of this black transaction.—Whether I hear from you or not, I shall return to England by the first ship which sails after I have wound up my affairs, which I am doing as fast as I can. My constitution is greatly impaired, and I cannot bear to stay in a place where such a mortal stab has been given to all my future peace.—If you should receive this, as I hardly dare hope you will, I charge you not to quit London till you see me, or hear something further from me. I was never in the habit of making fine flourishes,

either

either
that w
childre
“I

A f
this le
light,
did n
deeply
“My
delight
years.
Engla
old co
are a
and y
sorrows
that
pect
mem
never
heave
while
whic
or la
occa
work

A
inter
Blak
visite
mon
char
gran
was
large

either with my tongue or pen ; but this I can truly say, that with all the affection that a father can feel for his children—your wife is my child as well as you.

“ I subscribe myself your tender father,

“ HENRY VILLARS.”

A silence of some minutes succeeded the reading of this letter.—Wonder, pity, sorrow, gratitude, and delight, filled every breast with such emotions, that words did not readily find their way.—Mr. Howard was deeply musing. At length Dr. Blake broke the silence. “My dear friends, I congratulate you all—a fountain of delight is now opened, which, I hope, will flow for years. If Mr. Villars should be permitted to reach England, what a cup of joy is prepared for him !—My old companion, Mr. Howard, and his amiable family, are already richly recompenced for their humanity ; and you, my children, so long tossed on the ocean of sorrow, with what a sense of felicity must you enter that secure and commodious port which is in full prospect before you. I need not exhort any of you to remember the events of this and yesterday ; you will never forget them till you forget to exist. Gratitude to heaven has been already testified, but the duties of life, while life continues, cannot end.—The grand lessons which we have been now taught, are these—that, sooner or later, vice never goes unpunished ; and that upon all occasions, we should be ready to every good word and work.”

As this tale has already far exceeded, in length, the intentions of the writer ; it shall only be added that Dr. Blake's patient in the prison was dead, when he next visited him. That Mr. Villars, in the course of a few months, returned from the East Indies ; that he was charmed with Maria, and absolutely doated on his little granddaughter, between whom, and a grandson, who was born about a year after his return, he divided his large property. The excellent Mr. Howard, and his

charming family, were not forgotten by the grateful Maria and Henry. On the first *New Year's Day* after his father's return, he presented Mr. Howard with a thousand pounds, Mrs. Howard, and each of the children, with five hundred a piece, saying no individuals upon earth understand or deserve a **NEW YEAR'S GIFT** better than my honoured friends.

Sidbury, Devon.

E. B.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's
Calendar of Nature.*

CALENDAR OF NATURE.

APRIL.

Now daisies pied and violets blue,
And ladies smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight:
The cuckoo now on ev'ry tree
Sings—cuckoo—cuckoo—

1. **T**HIS month is distinguished for the fickleness of its weather. 2. It is, nevertheless, the most perfect image of spring, for an *universal springing* now commences. 3. Generally begins with raw weather. 4. The swallow, harbinger of summer, returns. 5. Four kinds of swallow visit this island; the chimney swallow, the house martin, the sand martin, and the largest kind, of swift and lofty flight, yet screaming skim the ground. 6. They live on insects. 7. Birds now pair and sing. The nightingale heard soon after the

the swallow ; is called a night bird, but sings also in the day, only his voice is drowned by other performers. 8. Singing of birds, not as some suppose the language of courtship, but is instinctive. 9. Vernal music of the grove superior to the autumnal, accounted for by the vigor of the body and the abundance of animal spirits. 10. Ducks and geese hatch. 11. The cuckoo heard about the middle of the month. 12. On the arrival of birds and the flowering of plants, natural calendars are formed. 13. The Wryneck regularly comes before the cuckoo; has a long tongue, feeding on ants, and a peculiar cry. 14. Birds of passage now arrive in the following order: ring-ouzel-redstart, yellow-wren, swift, white-throat, grasshopper-lark, and willow-wren. There are also many curious insects which now present themselves. 15. The beautiful dragon-fly emerges from the water. The great horse-ant likewise begins its annual labours. 16. The snake, large bat, shell snails, and even earth worms, make their appearance. 17. Fish leave their holes and come forth in search of food. Resuming therefore his rod and line,

Beneath a willow long forsook
The fisher seeks the accustomed nook,
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bathful wild duck's early brood.

WARTON.

17. Many trees blossom in this order; sloe, apricot, peach, nectarine, cherry, and plumb. 18. The earlier plants now appearing, are the primrose, and wood forrel, the wood anemone, crow-foot, marsh-marygold, and cuckoo flower. 19. Farmer busied in sowing grain and seeds for fodder. 20. Plentiful showers at due intervals acceptable. Blights are now much dreaded. On this account,

—Spring is but the child
 Of churlish winter, in her froward moods
 Discovering much the temper of her fire.
 For oft as if in her the stream of mild
 Maternal nature had reversed its course,
 She brings her infants forth with many smiles,
 But once delivered, kills them with a frown.

COWPER.

SKETCH
 OF
 THE LIFE OF MR. ROSCOE.

[From *British Characters**.]

THE history of the celebrated author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medicis*, evinces the wonderful effects which result from assiduous industry, superadded to the intuitive rapidity of genius. Favoured by no advantages of education, fostered by no patronage, raised by the native energies of his mind alone, Mr. Roscoe has reached a pitch of literary eminence, which is rarely attained even by those who have made the best use of the privileges of academic instruction.

His parents moved in the humbler sphere of life; they were of course precluded by their circumstances from giving their son a very extensive education; and, with a strange perverseness of temper, he obstinately refused to attend at the day-school where his father wished him to be taught writing and arithmetic. In consequence, he had not even the common opportunities of acquiring knowledge usually enjoyed by those of the same station in life as himself. He was thus fated to be the architect of his own fame.

* We have inserted this *sketch* in order to shew our young readers what may be accomplished by perseverance and industry.—*Ed.*

But

But though he threw off the trammels of the school, he was not idle :—he read much, and thought more.

At an early age he was articled as clerk in the office of Mr. Eyes, an attorney in Liverpool. Soon after this period he was stimulated to undertake the study of the Latin language, by one of his companions boasting that he had read Cicero de Amicitia, and speaking in high terms of the elegance of the style, and the sentiments of that composition. Mr. Roscoe immediately procured the treatise in question ; and smoothing his difficulties by perpetual reference to his grammar as well as to his dictionary, he drudged through the task which emulation had incited him to undertake. The success which he experienced in his first effort prompted him to proceed ; and he did not stop in his career till he had read the most distinguished of the Latin classics. In this pursuit he was encouraged by the friendly intercourse of Mr. Francis Holden, an eccentric genius and excellent scholar.

Having made considerable progress in the Latin language, Mr. Roscoe, still without the assistance of a master, proceeded to the study of French and Italian. The best authors in each of these tongues soon became familiar to him ; and it is supposed, that few natives of the country have so general and recondite a knowledge of Italian literature, as the subject of the present memoir.

During the whole of this period, Mr. Roscoe regularly attended at the office ; and his seasons of study were the intervals of business.

His attachment to the muse was of a very early date. While yet a boy he read with avidity the works of the best English poets. Of their beauties he had an exquisite sense ; and it may easily be imagined that the earliest of his compositions were of the poetical class. "Mount Pleasant," a descriptive poem, which he wrote in his 16th year, is a record not only of the fertility of his genius, but of the correctness of his taste.

Soon

Soon after the expiration of his clerkship, Mr. Roscoe was taken into partnership by Mr. Aspinwall, a very respectable attorney of the town of Liverpool; and the entire management of an office, extensive in practice and high in reputation, devolved upon him alone. In this situation he conducted himself in such a manner as to gain universal respect. For, notwithstanding his various pursuits, he had paid strict attention to his profession, and had acquired a liberal and minute knowledge of law. And in clearness of comprehension, and rapidity of dispatch in business, he had few equals.

About this time he commenced an acquaintance with the late * Dr. Enfield, and the present Dr. Aiken, then residents at Warrington, the former being tutor in the belles lettres in the Warrington academy, and the latter established as a surgeon in that town. These gentlemen had the honour of being early sensible of his surprising talents, and they contracted with him a friendship which was sure to be lasting, as it was built on the solid basis of mutual esteem.

Mr. Roscoe seems to have been almost intuitively gifted with a correct taste in the arts of painting and statuary. On the 17th December, 1773, he read to the members of a society, formed in Liverpool for the encouragement of designing, drawing, painting, &c. an ode on the institution of the aforesaid society, which was afterwards published, together with his poem entitled Mount Pleasant. Of this society he was a very active associate, and occasionally gave public lectures on subjects appropriate to the object of the institution.

When the voice of humanity was raised against the slave trade, Mr. Roscoe, fearless of the inconvenience to which the circumstances of his local situation might expose him, stood forth a zealous and enlightened advo-

* When Dr. Enfield published the 2d vol. of the Speaker, Mr. Roscoe furnished him with an Elegy to Pity, and an Ode to Education.

cate for the abolition of that inhuman traffic. In his boyish days, indeed, he had expressed his feelings on this subject in the following beautiful lines, which are extracted from the above-mentioned poem, Mount Pleasant, p. 13 :

There Afric's swarthy sons their toils repeat,
Beneath the fervors of the noon-tide heat;
Torn from each joy that crown'd their native soil,
No sweet reflections mitigate their toil;
From morn to eve, by rigorous hands oppress'd,
Dull fly their hours, of every hope unblest:
Till broke with labour, helpless, and forlorn,
From their weak grasp the ling'ring morsel torn;
The reed-built hovel's friendly shade deny'd;
The jest of folly, and the scorn of pride;
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend the imploring eye;
Till death, in kindness, from the tortured breast
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

Shame to mankind! but shame to Britons most,
Who all the sweets of liberty can boast;
Yet, deaf to every human claim, deny
That bliss to others which themselves enjoy:
Life's bitter draught with harsher bitter fill,
Blast every joy, and add to every ill;
The trembling limbs with galling iron bind,
Nor loose the heavier bondage of the mind.

Thus, by his own reflections, Mr. Roscoe was prepared to enter with ardor into the views of the friends of suffering humanity. He had frequent conversations with Mr. Clarkson, who first drew the attention of the kingdom at large to this national disgrace. A specious pamphlet was published in defence of the trade, intituled, *Scriptural Researches into the Licitness of the Slave Trade*, and written by a Spanish Jesuit of the name of Harris. Mr. Roscoe answered it with great spirit and acuteness, in a counter-pamphlet, intituled, *A Scriptural Refutation*

Refutation of a Pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymund Harris.

But this copious and interesting subject awakened all his sympathies, and the public were gratified by a most affecting poem, intituled, *The Wrongs of Africa*. This poem Mr. Roscoe intended to complete in three parts. The two first appeared 1787 and 1788, but the lovers of genuine poetry have to lament that he has not yet fulfilled his promise of favouring them with the publication of the third.

A mind so active and so generous as Mr. Roscoe's, could not be uninterested in that stupendous event, the French revolution. He caught the enthusiastic glow which warmed the breasts of the friends of freedom, while they beheld a mighty nation throwing off the fetters of despotism; and fondly hoped the consequences of their exertion would be lasting peace, good order, and equal laws. He tuned the lyre on this bewitching theme, and proclaimed the praises of Freedom in a translation of an ode of Petrarch, which found its way into the *Mercurio Italico*; a song intituled, *Millions be Free*, and the famous poem, *The Vine-covered Hills*, which may be classed among the most finished compositions in the English language.

During the season of tumult and discord, which succeeded the attempt of the combined powers to reinstate, in the plenitude of its authority, the despotism of France, Mr. Roscoe was busily employed in writing the History of Lorenzo de Medicis. This work was begun about the year 1790. It may be presumed that it has now passed through the ordeal of criticism: more than two years have elapsed since its publication. The literary world have had time to recover from the dazzle of surprize—and the buz of ignorant applause, raised by the leaders of literary fashion, is still. The sentence of sober judgment confirms the verdict which was pronounced according to the dictates of first impressions. The liberal acumen of Parr has assayed the Life of Lorenzo,

renzo,

renzo, and has found it sterling gold. Its dignity and grace have shielded its author from the merciless tomahawk of the writer * of the *Pursuits of Literature*; and we may fairly presume that its rank is fixed among the most splendid ornaments of English literature.

The admiration with which the public have been affected by the perusal of this work will, no doubt, be increased by a knowledge of the circumstances in which it was composed. At the time when it was projected, Mr. Roscoe lived at the distance of two miles from Liverpool, whither he was obliged daily to repair to attend to the business of his office. The dry and tedious details of law occupied his attention during the whole of the morning and afternoon; his evenings alone he was able to dedicate to study; and it will be easily conceived, that a gentleman, surrounded by a numerous family, and whose company was courted by his friends, must have experienced, even at these hours, a variety of interruptions. No public library provided him with materials. The rare books which he had occasion to consult, he was obliged to procure in London at a considerable expence. But in the midst of all these difficulties the work grew under his hands. In order that it might be printed under his own inspection, he established an excellent press in the town of Liverpool, and submitted to the disgusting toil of correcting the proofs. The *History of Lorenzo de Medicis* was at length published early in the year 1796.

Soon after the publication of his history, Mr. Roscoe relinquished the profession of an attorney, and entered himself at Gray's Inn, with a view of acting as a barrister.

He took advantage of the leisure which the relinquishment of business afforded him, to enter upon the study of the Greek language; in which, according to the report of his intimate friends, he has made considerable progress.

* Mr. Mathias.

The

The public have, with concordant voice, called upon Mr. Roscoe for the life of Leo X.; and Lord Holland and Lord Bristol have, with great liberality, offered their assistance in procuring from Italy, and other parts of the continent, whatever documents he might think it necessary to consult in the execution of so grand a design. The lovers of polite literature will be glad to hear that Mr. Roscoe has actually began this expected work; but such is the troubled state of Europe, that he is debarred, at present, from the use of materials which might be collected abroad.

In the course of his conduct, Mr. Roscoe has uniformly maintained a character of simplicity, sincerity, and benevolence. He acts uprightly without effort. Ill-fated genius cannot plead his history as a precedent for irregularity of life; nor will his example sanction the herd of men of abilities, who deem their talents a licence to live in idleness, and prey upon the public. His resources are in his own exertions. He is, in every sense of the word, an independant man. Long may he enjoy the blessings which are the meed of virtue.

ON THE LOVE OF PLEASURE.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

THE love of pleasure seems to be one of the most destructive vices of the present age; this baneful disposition is now become almost universally prevalent, its pernicious effects are daily visible, and incalculable are the mischiefs it has produced in society.

To gratify this predominant passion, numbers will not scruple to sacrifice their health, their fortunes, and what is of inconceivably greater value, their precious time; whole weeks and months are squandered in the pursuit of trifling, frequently pernicious amusements,

and

and often at an expence which their estates are but ill calculated to support.

To what cause is this unhappy temper to be ascribed ? Chiefly, I apprehend, to a want of the mind being early directed to the relish of nobler and more substantial gratifications ; habits of dissipation, when contracted in early life, are very rarely conquered ; hence the importance of directing betimes the young mind to the pursuit of what may afford solid and substantial satisfaction ; of cultivating with assiduity the mental powers, and of furnishing the mind with a variety of useful knowledge which may enable us to act with propriety and dignity through life, and at the close of it to look forward with cheerfulness and serenity to a future state.

If we had a due sense of the value of our time, and of the important purposes for which it was given us, we should surely be more cautious of squandering so large a portion of it in an endless routine of unnecessary diversions, or idle ceremonious visits ; such habits as these must necessarily have a tendency not only to unqualify us for the more important duties of life, but to make us look on them with contempt as trifles beneath our notice.

Recreations, when moderately pursued, and kept within due bounds, are no doubt both allowable and proper ; when indulged to excess, so as to cause us to overlook the proper duties of our station, or neglect the culture of our minds, they become highly criminal and dangerous.

To persons whose understandings are in any degree cultivated, there cannot, I apprehend, be a richer source of entertainment than that which is to be found in a well chosen library, or in the instructive conversation of a few judicious, intelligent friends ; these will supply us with an inexhaustible fund of pleasure, that will delight and improve us at the same time, and be in no danger of satiating by frequent repetition.

An early taste for reading, properly directed, would, I am persuaded, be an effectual means of preventing that immoderate fondness for public diversions, which reflects so great a disgrace on the character of thousands; this would ennoble and elevate the mind, enlarge and refine the ideas, and supply us with the best rules for regulating our conduct according to the precepts of wisdom; it would furnish us with a most delightful and advantageous method of employing our leisure hours, and enable us to look down with pity on those miserable beings who are capable of no higher pleasures than those which are to be found at an *assembly room* or a *card table*.

A. A.

Maidstone.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

(From Southey's *Travels into Spain*.)

WHEN I first found myself in a land of strangers, whose conversation presented nothing to me but a confusion of unintelligible sounds, I was frequently tempted to execrate the builders of Babel. The very dogs could not understand English: if I said, "*poor fellow*," the four-legged Spaniard growled at me; if I whistled, even that was a foreign language, and I was obliged to address the cat in Spanish, for *Miz* knew not the meaning of Puss. I can now read the two languages with ease, and call for the common necessities; all beyond this is of little consequence to me: but I have learnt to converse with the cats and dogs, always my favourite companions, for I love the honesty of the one, and the independance of the other.

Among the many vices of civilized society, there is none that tends more to generate misanthropical feelings than that of cruelty to animals. In general they are as badly treated here as in England, but the mode of but-

cherishing

cherin
pierce
of the
I hav
nerall
with
there
cause
I v
Abo
of th
a car
the m
and t
ferab
with
such
there
mou
men
day
cond
justi
your
impr
bein
you
mur
to w
ceiv
his
man
ty-f
you
whi
dea
crea
He

chering them is less barbarous. The spinal marrow is pierced with a small knife between two of the vertebræ of the neck, and of course the beast falls immediately. I have often wondered that some such mode is not generally adopted: cattle, in England, are slaughtered with the most savage barbarity; it is not uncommon there to begin skinning a sheep before it is dead, because the butcher has not time to wait!

I will relate to you a circumstance which occurred at Abo in Finland. You will admire the despotic justice of the magistrates. A dog, who had been run over by a carriage, crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment:—He was imprisoned till the following market day; then, in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence. "Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life, because you added to the tortures of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the Council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes." He then hung a black board round his neck with this inscription: "A savage and inhuman young man!" and after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded: "Inhuman young man! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death! As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

I have translated this story from a work written in the Portuguese language, by a very extraordinary man, Count Leopold Berchtold, the foster brother of the late Emperor Joseph. He was at Lisbon in the year 1792, but so completely did he shun society, that I have scarcely found any one who recollected even his name. His person was very fine, his manners elegant, and his mind enlarged. From the dinner hour of one day he remained alone in his apartment till the dinner hour of the next, and the people who lived in the same house were so astonished at his singularities, that they believed him to be the Wandering Jew. These hours were employed in study, for the Count used to publish a book upon some subject of practical utility, in the language of every country he visited. In England he printed two octavo volumes, intitled, Advice to Travellers, the worst of his publications, I am told, of which the second volume is a mere catalogue of voyages and travels. The works which he has published in Portugal, are upon more valuable subjects, and distributed gratis for the good of humanity. The one is a translation from his own German, An Essay on the means of preserving the lives of men from various dangers to which they are daily exposed; the other is, An Essay upon extending the limits of beneficence to Animals as well as to Men. For the first of these essays, the Royal Academy of Lisbon presented him a silver medal. Perhaps he himself was not sanguine enough to suppose that his books could be productive of much immediate benefit. It is pleasant to read these charitable theories, and easy to applaud them; but the majority of the affluent entrench themselves in the centre of their own comforts, and poverty and wretchedness dare not intrude upon the magic circle. Yet it is not impossible that the suppressed or dormant feelings of some individual may be awakened by the perusal; and Berchtold will not have laboured in vain if he shall only have stimulated one mind to active benevolence.

From

From Lisbon he went to Cadiz, and thence crossed over to Barbary on his road to Persia. For this dangerous expedition, he was possessed of every advantage that personal intrepidity and a complete knowledge of the Arabic could afford. I could learn nothing of his after fortunes; perhaps he may have perished in a journey of great and certain peril, from the accomplishment of which little utility could possibly have resulted.

I am sad when I contemplate the eccentricities of genius. Like meteors, some flash upon our view and are extinguished; some shake their torches in our eyes and delight to dazzle instead of directing us. Surely that man is the wisest, as well as the happiest, who considers there are luminaries enough to enlighten the world, and lets his taper shine from the windows of the lonely farmhouse. A little taper will lighten a room, but place it to illuminate the street, it will do no good, and the wind will speedily extinguish it.

Do not imagine I am disparaging the character of Leopold Berchtold. Enthusiasm is always amiable, and I love and honour the Quixotism of benevolence, while I lament the reward it will meet with from mankind. I am grieved that a man so excellent should start from the sphere of domestic life; that he who would so well have filled the stations of friend, and husband, and father, should be a wanderer over the world, attempting the amendment of all, and making the happiness of none.

I have another history to relate to you, as singular, and perhaps more interesting.

Radji is the son of an Arabian woman and an Italian physician, settled at Bagdad: he was sent to his father's brother, a merchant at Bombay; but Radji had received a religious education, and his moral feelings were wounded by the licentiousness of his uncle, who indulged himself in all the brutality of oriental voluptuousness. The lad ran away, and entered himself on board an European vessel: the morality of a ship was

as little agreeable to him, and on reaching Lisbon, about two years ago, he took his clothes, and without inquiring for his pay, came to the Irish College and asked protection. Struck by this strange story, from a boy of eighteen, they received him there, and recommended him to some Portuguese nobles, who undertook to defray the expences of his education for the priesthood: but, like most other patrons, satisfying their own pride with the promise, they forgot poor Radji. Mr. B. an English student at the College (a man of cultivated mind and manners, who has exhibited a singular proof of integrity by becoming a convert to the Romish doctrine), resolved now to take care of the boy till he could find a more able patron, and he accordingly supported and instructed Radji till he had procured for him the patronage of the Grand Inquisitor, and a regular establishment from a Portuguese Countess. He is now being educated for a Catholic priest; the life of Radji will be useless and obscure, but it will be harmless and happy.

The young Arab possesses no splendour of intellect, but he has that which is infinitely more valuable, simplicity of heart. He speaks Arabic, Persian, Italian, Portuguese, and English; you will be more pleased to hear that he was never known to utter an immoral word, or neglect the performance of what he believes an act of religious duty. "When did you see those chaps?" said he to Mr. B. speaking of some young Englishmen here. "They are fine looking fellows, but, I believe, like all you English, they think more about eating and drinking than of saving their souls. Why don't you talk to them about their souls, and try to convert them? If I saw them as much as you do, I should talk to them of nothing else." "Do you pray for them, Radji?" said his friend.—"That I do," replied the boy—"I have never neglected that, and I never will!"

M
dam
rifi
tow
that
them
mean
coun
time
for
place
prep
for
or f
and
from
bein
not
wh
thin

HOWARD.

MR. Howard was singular in many of the common habits of life; for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes, to dry ones, and both rising and going to bed swathed himself with coarse towels, dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated (as he said) beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries, nor had been a minute under or over his time of an appointment, so far as depended on himself, for six and twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prepared for going, in his whole life; and he had not, for the last sixteen years of his life ate any fish, flesh, or fowl, nor *sat down* to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage he would ride on horseback; and where that was hazardous he would walk. Such a thing as obstruction was out of the question,

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

APRIL 8. **A**FTER the Play of *Love for Love*, performed for Mr. Bannister's benefit, *The Twins*, or *Is it he or his Brother?* Written by Mr. LEWIS, author of the *Monk*, was presented to one of the most numerous audiences we have ever seen in this theatre.

CHARACTERS.

Captain Melville	}	. . .	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Hezekiah Falkland			
Latitat, a Lawyer		Mr. Dowton
Buckram, a Taylor		Mr. Werwitzer
Sparkle, a Jeweller		Mr. Wathen
Simon Sly, a Gentleman's Servant		Mr. R. Palmer
Tobias, a Quaker's Servant		Mr. Suett
Bailiff		Mr. Maddocks.
Mrs. Tabitha		Mrs. Walcot
Charlotte Belmour		Miss De Camp
Lucy		Miss. Mellon.

The plot of the *Twins* is to accomplish Captain Melville's obtaining the hand of *Charlotte Belmour*, in which it is found necessary for him to personate a quaker from New York, and to get out of the hands of Mrs. *Tabitha* a contract for *ten thousand pounds*; but which Mrs. *Tabitha* is desirous of being cancelled, by his marrying her. The *Lovers*, however, by the exertions

ertions of the Captain in his *Twin* character, are made happy.

The Second Act abounds in too quick a succession of incident, and the conclusion is, perhaps, too abrupt. At this incongruity, part of the audience was preparing to testify some slight disapprobation, but that the final speech of the *Twin hero* prevented it by being received by an unanimous and universal plaudit, which continued during the fall of the curtain.

The piece certainly wants several alterations, particularly the Second Act, with which we were not perfectly satisfied. With the intelligent and candid spectator it may also be a question how far the bringing forwards of the peculiarities of a respectable body of people, the *Quakers*, may be reconciled to strict propriety.

The actors acquitted themselves with spirit; and we have seldom seen a more animated representation. It is in its commencement unworthy of the talents of the *author of the Monk*, and is not without some of those blemishes for which parts of that popular novel were justly reprobated.

COVENT GARDEN.

APRIL 2. A musical entertainment, called the *Old Cloathsmen*, was performed here for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Morgan	Mr. Emery
Dewberry	Mr. Munden
Frank Dewberry	Mr. Incledon
Mr. Florid	Mr. Knight
Mr. Melon	Mr. Waddy
Mrs. Morgan	Mrs. Mattocks
Clara Morgan	Mrs. Atkins
Phœbe	Mrs. Chapman.
		Dewberry

Dewberry, the *Old Cloathsmen*, having unexpectedly acquired a large fortune by the death of a brother in the East Indies, relieves the distresses of Mr. *Morgan*, a speculator to a considerable amount in trade, and the failure of whose schemes has involved him in bankruptcy. The generous behaviour of *Dewberry*, who concludes a match between his son *Frank* and *Clara*, the daughter of *Morgan*, is the more conspicuous, from being contrasted with the proud, pitiful, and sordid conduct of the latter, previous to the failing of his plans. These incidents, however, are so injudiciously managed, and the fable so poorly contrived, that the piece was very unfavourably received. The characters, dialogue, and poetry also of this piece, had little to recommend them. It was announced for a second representation with a marked opposition from the majority of the audience.

The music by *Attwood* displays his talents in an advantageous point of view. It is to be regretted, that such strains should be lavished on so indifferent a subject.

8. The *Reconciliation*, translated from the German of *Kotzebue*, and compressed into three acts, was brought out under the new title of the *Birth Day*, and was received with flattering marks of approbation. The characters were as follows :

Captain Bertram	Mr. Munden
Mr. Bertram	Mr. Murray
Jack Junks	Mr. Farwett
Harry Bertram	Mr. H. Johnston
Circuit	Mr. Waddy.
Emma	Mrs. Pope
Mrs. Moral	Mrs. Davenport.

The play rests on the single incident of two brothers quarrelling and going to law for a garden. Several alterations however have been made in adopting it to the English stage, nor are we quite certain that the piece

is amended by it. But there still remains so much of the genius of KOTZEBUE, such genuine irresistible touches of nature, that will, no doubt, secure it permanent approbation. MUNDEN's performance of the old *Sea Captain*, and Fawcett's of *Jack Junks* his boat-swain, were both distinguished by admirable acting. The play was announced for repetition with loud applause.

9. The *Count of Burgundy*, by KOTZEBUE, was this evening brought forward for the benefit of Mrs. POPE.

No account of it need be given here, since Miss Plumtre's translation of it is in such general circulation. The alterations are few, and for the most part judicious. The transposition of the *sixth* scene of the *third* act to the end of the play, is scarcely justifiable, nor does it meet our approbation. It injures the interest of the catastrophe, and therefore lessens the influence of the piece on the minds of the spectators. The performers acquitted themselves with ability. The play was well received; for the touches of this inimitable German dramatist cannot fail of reaching the heart.

Three Weeks after Marriage followed, in which LEWIS and Mrs. ABINGTON played their respective parts with uncommon felicity.

SUMMER AMUSEMENTS.

MARCH 25. EASTER MONDAY.

SADLER'S WELLS

Opened with a set of pleasing entertainments. A ballet of action, called, *John of Calais*, is a story of an interesting nature, and well supported throughout. A pantomime, founded on the story of *Hercules and Omphale*, closed the performances of the evening. The scenery is beautifully painted, and many of the transactions evinced skill and ingenuity in the invention.

ASTLEY'S

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE

Exhibited, for the first time, a superb naval spectacle, called the *Four Engagements*. It consists of a combination of scenic painting and ingenious machinery. The spectators were deeply affected by the representation of the distressful situation of the Proserpine frigate, which was recently shipwrecked in carrying Mr. Grenville to the continent.

THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

The whole of the interior of this theatre is altered. It now resembles *Drury Lane*—the ride being narrowed, and the circular form and ornaments in imitation of that elegant structure. The Circus is, indeed, entirely new, and it will possess considerable beauty when finished. The performances here were very amusing. Miss Cabanel promises to rival Mrs. Wybrow.

THE ROYALTY THEATRE

Also opened with a variety of entertainments. The heroic spectacle of the *French Black Forest*, and *Harlequin and the Fairies*, were the amusements which chiefly please the attention. The active genius of man is ever on the stretch for novelty; and these summer amusements shew that efforts are making for the diversion of the public, who generally receive such endeavours with a candid attention.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR APRIL, 1799.

PASTORAL BALLAD.

O H let me to thy cottage fly,
There shall my care and anguish cease ;
The murm'ring stream which wanders nigh,
Shall soothe my troubled soul to peace :
Far from life's noisy, busy scene,
With thee I'll climb the mountain's side,
And 'mid contentment's vale serene,
Our blissful years away shall glide.

When spring's gay flow'rets round us bloom,
With joy we'll tread the verdant fields,
Where violets shed their soft perfume,
And sweetest odours nature yields ;
The feather'd warblers in the grove,
Shall gently pour their little song,
And while they breathe wild notes of love,
The happy hours shall ne'er seem long.

And when the heat of summer's day
Has yielded to the eve's cool breeze,
We'll view the moon with silv'ry ray
Arise behind the waving trees ;
While slowly she ascends on high,
And softly plays on Wys's clear stream,
That stream we'll hold sweet converse by,
And love shall be our pleasing theme.

When smiling Autumn o'er the land
 Spreads kindly round her golden store,
 The gifts of her all bounteous hand
 Shall bloom beside our cottage door;
 Mild happiness and sweet content,
 Shall in that cottage always smile;
 And pleasures, pure and innocent,
 Repay us for each daily toil.

Till life's stern winter steals our prime,
 Our years shall pass serenely on;
 We'll ne'er regret the lapse of time,
 But cheerful talk of raptures gone:
 And when with wrinkles furrow'd o'er
 Thy face, so much lov'd, I see,
 Thy aged smiles shall please me more
 Than those which young beam'd love on me.

SOPHIA.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I SOUGHT the darling of my soul,
 But sought, alas! in vain;
 For none of all I ask'd could tell,
 Which way she cross'd the plain.

With hasty step, and anxious eye,
 I view'd the landscape round,
 Beheld the busy crowd pass by,
 But no Eliza found.

Bright shone the sun, but all his beams
 Were dark and faint to me,
 A dreary blank all nature seems,
 Eliza, without thee.

Soft was the air, and sweet the fields,
 But rough e'en zephyr blows:
 The mind disturb'd, all nature yields
 No sources of repose.

No
 N
 Slow
 A
 "T
 T
 "S
 "
 "Y
 "
 "A
 "
 But
 T
 So,
 H
 Gaz
 So
 At le
 A

ON NOT

W
 Wh
 W
 How
 Ho
 Eliza
 No
 Uncer
 For
 I wan
 A p

No lovely verdure decks the grafs,
No leaves adorn the trees;
Slowly and sad does Edmund pafs,
And no companion fees.

"Tell me, ye nymphs," he wifh'd to fay,
To thofe that pafs'd along;
"Saw ye Eliza pafs this way,
"The fubject of my fong.

"Ye could not but Eliza know,
"In all her fteps is grace,
"And every virtue found below,
"Shines in her fpeaking face."

But nought he faid, for prudence bade
The wanderer hold his tongue,
So, difappointed, blank, and fad,
He homeward pafs'd along.

Gaz'd on the watch, and chid the hours,
So flow they roll'd away:
At length they pafs'd, Eliza comes,
And all his heart is gay.

B.

LINES

ON NOT MEETING A FRIEND WHEN EXPECTED.

WHEN abfent from her that I love,
Whofe form like an angel's is fair;
Whofe virtues my foul muft approve,
Whofe tendereft affections I fhare.

How gloomy the minutes roll on!
How vacant each place that I fee!
Eliza not with me, my heart's out of tune,
No fcene has a beauty for me.

Uncertain when fhe will arrive,
For whom my fond bofom ftill glows,
I wander along fcarce alive,
A prey to fufpicions and woes.

But silence, my fears, protected by heaven
 Eliza shall shortly draw nigh;
 The boon by a bountiful Providence given,
 Shall shortly revisit mine eye.

This is the thought which comforts my heart,
 And bids all my anxiety end,
 The guardian of goodness will never depart,
 And to Him I can trust my best friend.

B.

ON TIME.

BY J. GORTON.

AUTHOR OF BRITANNIA, A POEM.

WHEN nature's matchless monarch form'd creation,
 Fix'd in his pond'rous orb the fiery sun,
 And station'd vast stupendous systems round him,
 To wheel their stated courses, and revolve
 The varied seasons of the circling year!
 Hung heaven's blue canopy with splendid worlds,
 Chain'd in his limits silver-headed ocean,
 And gave the empire of the earth to man,
 Time, as his high his full empower'd vicegerent,
 Was fix'd t'inspect and guide the wheels of fate,
 And undisguise th' intricate will of heav'n:—
 One hand a glass adorn'd, whose state imperfect,
 Fast from its confines loos'd its store to freedom,
 Just emblem of himself. For he, indurable,
 Is prone to frailty as the glass he holds,
 Each day, each hour, diminishing his substance.
 The other bore a scythe, whose fatal edge
 Falls ruthless on the beauteous works of nature;
 And she, e'en she, at length must prove its victim.
 Forth from each shoulder, issuing, grew a wing,
 With which he wafts him thro' his pilgrimage,
 Down beating in his journey states and kingdoms,
 Princes and heroes. Oft at his command
 Flies sternly-visag'd war to feed on slaughter,
 And, bent on blood, depopulate the world.

Ruin
 Whil
 Bend
 None
 That
 Natur
 Must
 His s
 Bespe
 Shew
 And
 Crush
 For w
 Hath
 When
 And
 And r
 So glo
 And e
 Repul
 Himse
 To fly
 And, t
 Resign

o
 V
 N
 U
 O
 T
 W
 H

Ruin in all his footsteps busy stalks,
While death, grim death, yields to his jurisdiction,
Bends to his nod, and pays him willing homage;
None may oppose the vigour of his shaft,
That bids defiance and hurls havoc dire:
Nature and art, depress'd beneath his range,
Must feel his ravage and deplore his power:
His snowy head and deeply-wrinkled front
Bespeak him very far advanc'd in age;
Shew, likewise, he must fail—must be subdued,
And must submit when all things have submitted;
Crush'd by his ire, or wither'd in his turn.
For when his rage on victim worlds exhaust,
Hath thrown all beauteous order into discord;
When yon bright sun is darken'd in its orb,
And silver Cynthia may be seen no more,
And nature too must droop—and ev'ry star
So glorious now, must perish in its sphere,
And ev'ry thing must form one gen'ral wreck:
Repuls'd with years and overwhelm'd with age,
Himself, the last sad victim of himself,
To fly must cease, his wasteful scythe relinquish,
And, tomb'd amid his own immediate ruin,
Resign his glass, and sink into oblivion.

LINES

BY MRS. M——,

ON HER SON'S DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

WHILE you, dear Kit *, delighted roam,
Far distant from your native home,
New countries and new worlds explore,
Unknown to Britain's sons of yore:
Oft I the care of heaven implore
To waft you safe to *Ganges* shore,
While many a sad and melting sigh,
Heaves my fond breast and fills my eye.

* Christopher.

L 1 3

I'll strive by dear delusive charm,
 The pangs of sorrow to disarm;
 And oft your lov'd idea trace
 Through India's wide extended space;
 Could I my son's blest *genius* prove,
 Dissolv'd in light I'd with him rove,
 Guard every step from lurking snare,
 And of soft *pleasure's* smiles beware,
 Where oft conceal'd on flow'ry path,
 Detested *vice* lurks hid beneath,
 With borrow'd smiles and pleasing shape,
 The unsuspecting to entrap;
 But, arm'd with virtue's sacred shield,
 And conscious worth and truth reveal'd,
 You may all hidden powers defy,
 And meet them with a dauntless eye.
 To cheer the solitary way
 When pensive you alone may stray,
 A friend, who would the hour beguile,
 Contented to deserve your smile,
 Offers, with all the lively zeal
 That well-arm'd gratitude can feel,
 Your much lov'd steps with watchful care
 To follow, and your fate to share
 Through frozen climes or torrid zone
 Unwearied—yea, through worlds unknown,
 Would all the day attend your side
 With laudable and honest pride;
 With constancy repel all harm,
 And nightly guard you from alarm.
 Long prov'd, his friendship ne'er would shrink
 From torture's shocks or danger's brink;
 Emblem of rare fidelity,
 He pants to *live* or *die* by thee.
 While such is his acknowledged worth,
 He lies extended on the earth,
 No friendly roof to screen his head,
 Or means to earn his daily bread;
 Such is his hard and rig'rous fate,
 That, to complete his wretched state,
 Though villain, sharper, rogue, and brute,
 Are terms that ill his merits suit,

Un
 Ab
 W
 No
 Lo
 Decemb

T
 Pe
 Co
 I

SAY
 To urg
 No
 Good
 The
 Can fr
 An
 But te
 An
 From
 An
 In vai
 In
 Noug
 Bu

Unpitied he is doom'd to bear
Abusive names which wound the ear;
While fondly at my feet he'll mourn,
Nor think of joy till *you* return.

London,
December 4, 1798.

TO S. C. S——.

THY matchless charms, ah! who can see,
Ah, who can fail like me to prize!
Perish the wretch whose heart could be
A cold—reluctant sacrifice.
Could mine thy dear attractions meet,
And not their winning influence own,
I'd tear the traitor from its seat,
And trample on its dying groan.

W. H.

TO S. C. S——.

ELEGY.

SAY, charming maid, and seal thy W—'s doom,
Must I no more my tender hope indulge?
To urge my trembling suit no more presume,
No more the anguish of my soul divulge?
Good God! within that dear, that gen'rous breast,
The shrine of pity, tenderness, and love,
Can such severity a moment rest,
And to its noblest feelings truant prove?
But tears my grief-worn cheeks bedew,
And anguish wrings my bleeding heart,
From day to day my griefs renew,
And mem'ry feeds the tortur'd smart.
In vain to solitude I steal,
In vain I join the festive board—
Nought, nought can sooth the pangs I feel,
But to my arms my S—— restor'd.

E'en nature's charms no more regale,
 Nor study brings its kind relief;
 To dwell in silence, o'er my mournful tale,
 And dirge thy worth alone beguiles my grief.

And shall we never, never meet again,
 No more our tender sympathies impart?
 To break a bruised reed will heav'n disdain,
 And yet disdain to heal a breaking heart?

Ah, no! but hush—nor dare its ways t'explore,
 Nor dare indulge the fond delusive hope;
 'Twill only pierce thy wounded soul the more,
 And sooner fill thy weeping measure up.

W. H.

BERTRAM.

WHERE barren winds along the glades
 Of yon far distant wood,
 Surrounded by embowering shades,
 "An humble cottage stood."

Secluded from the city's noise,
 There aged Bertram dwelt,
 Bereft of all the tender joys
 He once indeed had felt.

'Twas there his earnest wish to die,
 (If so it pleas'd his God)
 And with his dearest Edith lie
 Beneath the grassy sod.

Already bore his reverend hairs
 The vestiges of age,
 And he had spent full fourscore years
 Upon life's active stage.

Beneath yon whispering willow's shade,
 A verdant rising spot,
 (Where Edith's cold remains were laid)
 Flourish'd beside his cot.

Each morning to this valued mound
The Hermit did repair,
And, kneeling on the hallow'd ground,
Breath'd forth a fervent prayer.
The earliest flowers that balmy spring,
Or rosy summer gave,
With kind affection he would bring,
And strew upon her grave.
Remembrance of his former state,
When fortune had been kind,
And of his son's uncertain fate,
Then rush'd upon his mind,
And oft he shed a pearly tear,
And oft he utter'd sighs ;
And cried, " Oh ! were my Norval here,
" To close my dying eyes !
" But he, too fond of war's alarms,
" Hath left his native land,
" And hast'ning from his parent's arms
" Sought noble Percy's clan.
" For Scotland he would yield his breath,
" And fights with Danish foes,
" Unconscious of his mother's death,
" And his poor father's woes.
" No flowers will breathe their sweets around,
" When here my bones are laid ;
" No friend with tears bedew the ground,
" Nor haunt this lonely glade."
Oft Bertram climb'd yon airy steep
With lab'ring steps and slow,
And mus'd upon the hoary deep,
Whose waters roll below.
In every scene that nature grac'd,
In every herb and flower,
The providence of God he trac'd,
And his omnific power.

One beauteous morn, when Phœbus shed
O'er mountains tops his ray,
Bertram forsook betimes his bed,
His orisons to pay.

And as he cast his aged eyes
On Edith's dew-clad mound,
A youth, attracting his surprise,
Lay bleeding on the ground.

His limbs in burnish'd mail were cas'd,
He bore a twanging yew,
His casque, high-towering, was unlac'd,
His face appear'd in view.

The Hermit healing simples brought,
But vain was all his art,
A shaft the warrior's breast had fought,
And pierc'd his gallant heart.

But ah ! what chillness and affright
Through Bertram's body run,
When he perceives the wounded knight
To be his long lost son.

Then, prostrate at his Norval's side,
With slow, with falt'ring breath,
" O Norval ! O my God !" he cried,
And clos'd his eyes in death.

Lynn, 1st Nov. 1798.

WM. CASE, JUN.

LINES

ON A YOUNG LADY'S ILLNESS.

WHEN evening dews the ground bespread,
The lily droops and seems to die,
Restor'd by morn it rears its head,
More lovely to the passing eye.
Thus, dearest girl, may it be with thee,
Tho' illness cloud thy beauteous face ;
Like evening vapours may it flee,
And show thy charms with double grace.

*New Brentford,
Middlesex.*

W. H. G.

LINES

FROM A HUSBAND TO A WIFE, ON THE FIRST
ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR WEDDING.

TIS our's, my bosom's dearest friend,
As life we backward trace,
To view with gratitude the past,
And hail succeeding days.

Your Edwin has not yet forgot
How brown the morning rose,
Nor how his busy fears almost
Bereft him of repose.

He felt the showers which fancy said
His union would annoy,
But now, with transport, he can own
They water'd plants of joy.

I call the happy moment back,
And call it happy *now*,
When, at the place our country bids,
I breath'd the solemn vow.

How dear, on memory's fairest leaf,
Does that bright instant stand;
When, with the appointed rites, she gave
To me her willing hand.

Her heart she gave me long before,
A gift I'll ne'er resign;
Nor cease, when life itself is o'er,
To call Eliza mine.

If heaven permit, to realms of day
Together we will soar,
Trace, hand in hand, th' æthereal way,
And, hand in hand, adore.

Twelve rapid months have roll'd away,
Thanks to your tender care,
A thousand joys, till now unknown,
Have been your Edwin's share.

THE NEGRO.

SAPPHICS.

HOT was the weather, sultry shone the sun-beams,
While near a river, shaded by a palm tree,
Lay a poor negro, bitterly lamenting
O'er his misfortunes.

" Oh! savage white men! cruel, cruel christians,

" Far from my country forcibly to drag me,

" Far from my children, far from ev'ry comfort,

" Far from my Juppa:

" Lost to my fam'ly, knowing them defenceless,

" Ign'rant what troubles they are now enduring,

" Can I existence any longer value?

" No, cruel christians:

" When with my Juppa, midst our lovely offspring,

" Always at morn, to joy and pleasure rising,

" Always at night, in peace and quiet resting,

" Happy the time past;

" Now, peace and rest have ever me forsaken,

" Wasted by anguish, never tasting slumber,

" Worn down by labour, mangled by correction,

" Eke I my days out.

" If I'm fatigu'd, the whip to work re-drives me,

" If I am sick, the whip alone's to cure me,

" If I complain, the whip directly stops me;

" Oh! death relieve me."

" Negro, cried I, thy sorrows are extensive,

" If thou wert mine they soon should be concluded;

" Would I were rich—but—there's a trifle for thee:

" Farewell, poor negro."

" God blefs you, Massa." On I journey'd musing,

Can man delight in torturing his brothers!

Wretched employment of a little power,

Why is't possess'd by those who thus abuse it?

Inexplicable!

CHERTSEA.

Literary

Literary Review.

Medical Admonitions, addressed to Families, respecting the Practice of Domestic Medicine and the Preservation of Health, with Directions for the Treatment of the Sick on the first Appearance of Disease, by which its Progress may be stopped, and a fatal Termination prevented from taking Place through Neglect or improper Interference. By James Parkinson. In 2 volumes. Johnson and Symonds. 9s.

THIS full title page well expresses the nature and design of these volumes. It is an important and useful work. The principal diseases to which the human frame is incident, are ably delineated; and particular remedies specified for the removal of them. Extensive reading and extensive practice must have suggested many of the observations here detailed. The style in which the Treatise is written possesses a manly perspicuity, and, throughout the whole, a very kind attention is paid to the accumulated sufferings of humanity. No family should be without it.

That the reader may judge of its highly useful tendency, we subjoin the following extract, in which the skill and benevolence of the author are equally discernible. The numerous dreadful accidents which have been lately occasioned by the clothing of females taking fire, render the advice peculiarly *seasonable*:

HINTS for the conduct of females whose clothes have by accident taken fire :

"Extraordinary instances sometimes occur, of those whose clothes have by accident taken fire, escaping in a wonderful manner, by adopting the use of such means as have been dictated by an extraordinary presence of mind. But rather than trust to that which is suggested in the moment of terror and confusion, by a mind totally unfurnished with any fixed mode of proceeding, it will perhaps be better to lay down certain rules, which being strongly imprinted on the mind, will serve to direct to the most safe and beneficial line of conduct.

"To call for help presents itself to the mind so instinctively, that it would not be mentioned here, but to remark, that this should be done, if possible, by ringing the bell, &c. without opening the door of the apartment, as the external air rushing in, would immediately increase the rapidity of the progress of the flames.

"The first attempt should be to tear off that part of the clothing which is in flames ; and, if in a parlour, to seize the water decanter, and which, even for this reason alone, should be large, and kept always full ; or any other vessel of water, which may be in the room where the accident has happened, should be recollected and flown to.

"If unsuccessful in these instantaneous exertions for relief, the unfortunate sufferer should seat herself on the floor, remembering, that in this posture she will be better enabled to smother the flames of her lower garments, and that an upright posture will render the communication of the flames to the upper part of her dress more probable.

"In this situation, should there be a hearth carpet (which even for this use, in this moment of emergency, should form part of the furniture in every room), it will, from the materials of which it is composed, prove highly useful in extinguishing the flames, laid over the burning clothes, or wrapped tight round them.

"Females are most commonly the subjects of this terrible accident, owing to their clothing being of a more combustible kind than those of men. Woollen clothes not only burning much slower than linen or cotton, but giving an alarm much sooner

sooner
fore,
fire-
be p
some
must
with

Poe

T

feel
read
of t
plea

sooner, by the smell their burning occasions. Females, therefore, whose age and infirmities almost confine them to their fire-side, and prevent the hope of any active exertions, should be persuaded to wear gowns and aprons of silk, or of stuffs of some fabric in which worsted and silk are blended, instead of muslin and fine linen; which not only will catch fire almost with a spark, but will burn with the utmost rapidity."

Poetic Trifles, by Elizabeth Moody. Cadell and Davies.

THIS little volume, which its authoress modestly entitles *Poetic Trifles*, discovers a cultivated mind and a feeling heart. There are many pieces which we have read with pleasure, though it must be confessed a few of the articles are on trifling subjects. That on *Fashion* pleased us, and accordingly we transcribe it.

TO FASHION.

"Gay fashion! thou goddess so pleasing,
 However imperious thy sway,
 Like a mistress, capricious and teasing,
 Thy slaves tho' they murmur obey.
 The simple, the wise, and the witty,
 The learned, the dunce, and the fool,
 The crooked, straight, ugly, and pretty,
 Wear the badge of thy whimsical school.
 Tho' thy shape be so fickle and changing,
 That a Proteus thou art to the view,
 And our taste so for ever deranging
 We know not which to pursue;
 Yet wave but thy frolicksome banners,
 And hosts of adherents we see,
 Arts, morals, religion, and manners,
 Yield implicit obedience to thee.
 More despotic than beauty thy power,
 More than virtue thy rule o'er the mind,
 Tho' transient thy reign, as a flower
 That scatters its leaves to the wind.

M m 2

Ah!

Ah ! while folly thou dealest such measure,
 No matter how fleeting thy day !
 Be wisdom, dear goddess, thy pleasure !
 Then lasting as time be thy stay.

We are gratified also with another piece, 'for its beauty and simplicity ; being short we cannot help adding it.

To a beautiful little Girl, of Four Years old, sitting in her Baby House, surrounded by her Playthings.

" Little queen of infant treasure,
 Smiling on thy seat of pleasure ;
 Happy in each fancied blessing,
 More than monarchs worlds possessing.
 Culling sweets from every rose
 That in thy fairy garden grows ;
 Thy breast as yet untaught by sighs
 To check the transports as they rise.
 No dread thy little bosom fills
 Of physical or moral ills ;
 With pure delight thy eye surveys
 The splendid toys that round thee blaze ;
 Nor could a richer joy be thine
 Did all Potosi yield her mine ;
 Thy tiny cup of silver, brings
 A sweeter draught than cups of kings ;
 The doll for whom thy love prepares
 These emblems of maternal cares,
 For whom this little board is spread,
 For whom thou deck'st this little bed,
 Obedient to thy magic wand
 Still eats and sleeps at thy command ;
 And tho' thou play'st the mother's part,
 No mother's pang corrodes the heart.
 Oh ! ever might thy future years
 Be thus exempt from hopes and fears ;
 Thus, with smooth current glide away,
 While beams of joy thus round thee play ;
 But thou a blended lot must share,
 And with the blessing take the care.

Then,

Then, lovely Mary, hug thy toys,
Unfulfilled source of infant joys !
And while thou can'st the pleasure keep
To lull thy waxen babe asleep.——

There is a tenderness in these verses which the reader will feel and admire. They address the heart in a language which cannot fail of being understood.

From these selections it is evident that Mrs. Moody possesses agreeable talents for poetry. She has, it seems, appeared in print on former occasions; for she ingeniously remarks in her preface—"Having from *time to time* dispatched a *dove* to reconnoitre the land, and perceiving that this *dove* obtained tolerable footing, she, like the patriarch of old, ventures to send out her *whole family* !

Biographiana. Volume the Second. Johnson.
(Concluded from page 307.)

SENECAI

"Wrote some lines which he called 'The Irresolute Man;' they have been thus translated by an ingenious youth, who felt but too sensibly the ill consequences of the folly described in them :

THE IRRESOLUTE MAN.

While Jack too long deliberates
Which lot of life 'tis best to draw,
Or arms, or physic, church, or law,
And still his choice procrastinates ;
Neglected Time with rapid wing
In silence sweeps the listless hours,
Each idly crops life's freshest flow'rs,
Which knows, alas ! no second spring :
For soon old age with wintry hands
Shall freeze the current of the soul,
Her ardent energies controul,
And bind the powers in icy bands :

Yet Jack has mem'ry, taste, and wit,
 In learning prompt, in speaking ready;
 But, wav'ring, doubtful, light, unsteady,
 For ev'ry state is now unfit.

While floating on each wand'ring wave
 Of passion, chance, caprice, and whim,
 Death comes and strait decides for him,
 To fix his station in the grave.

"The character of Aliger, so finely depicted by Dr. Johnson in 'The Rambler,' is said to have been that of the late learned Mr. Floyer Sydenham, the translator of the Dialogues of Plato."

LE CLERC.

"The candour and modesty of this great scholar were not less remarkable than his erudition. When his judgment was ripened by age, he became ashamed of what he had written in his youth on the subject of Genesis. He made a public recantation of his error, by annexing afterwards to his Commentary on Genesis a Dissertation concerning Moses, the writer of that book of the Pentateuch, in which he acknowledged very fairly the errors he had given into in the first edition of his Commentary. "However," says the learned and pious Dr. Huntingford, "the censorious may be inclined through malevolence to attribute a change of sentiments to improper motives, yet in the estimation of candid judges, habituated to reflection, it sullies no man's honour to abandon a mistake and adopt a right principle. It degrades no man's understanding to acknowledge that he has thought erroneously; but that after mature enquiry he has changed his opinion; for very little do they answer the purpose of increasing age, who become not usefully wiser as they grow older. The Spanish proverb says, A wise man alters his opinion, but a fool never does; and Lord Chief Justice Mansfield often said, that to acknowledge that you were yesterday wrong, is but to let the world know that you are wiser to-day than you were yesterday."

KANG HI, EMPEROR OF CHINA.

"This great prince, in one of his excursions, observing a person sitting idle under a hedge, in a fit of rage, ordered one

of his
 them
 must a
 wife
 watch
 that w
 Discou
 debilit
 necessi
 life to
 ble sta
 from
 listless
 proper
 nature
 coward
 and c
 mand
 the p
 " "
 and s
 script
 idle
 that i
 body
 occup
 vacu
 idlen
 case
 coun
 from
 was
 and
 was
 man
 his
 not
 gave
 me
 been

of his attendants to strip him of his clothes and make off with them. "A man," added he, "that does not work himself, must always cause harm to some other person." Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, commanded the Areopagus to watch over the conduct of every citizen, and to punish those that were idle. Dr. Huntingford says finely in one of his Discourses, "Whilst bodily strength is yet unimpaired by debility, whilst our mental faculties are neither embarrassed by necessity nor depressed by grief; during that happy period of life to shrink from the labour either of preparing for a creditable station, or of ably filling it when undertaken; to shrink from that labour for the sake of gratifying a propensity to listless indolence, frivolous trifling, or amusements then improper, when either unreasonable in point of time, or in their nature incompatible with our destination: such conduct is cowardly and unmanly in the sight of reason; it is criminal and culpable in the sight of Christianity; for Christianity demands not only the avoiding of evil, but zealous activity in the performance of good works."

"The English proverb styles idleness 'The Devil's anvil;' and some interpreters have laboured to prove that the house in scripture, into which the bad spirits entered, was that of an idle man; and that its being swept and garnished meant merely that it contained nothing in it to occupy either the mind or the body of its wretched possessor, but left them to the complete occupancy and dominion of any vice that was tempted by its vacuity to take up its abode there. The pains and penalty of idleness were never more completely exemplified than in the case of a linen-draper of London, who retired to his native country town to enjoy his leisure. He had not long been from London before *ennui pleuvoit à grosses gouttes*, before he was harassed with the terrible disease of having nothing to do, and became exceedingly low-spirited and despondent. He was soon afterwards attacked with the stone in a very severe manner; and when his friends came to condole with him on his having so horrid and so painful a disorder, he said he was not certain but that the stone was a happy thing for him, as it gave him something to attend to and to think of. "Preserve me from myself, good God," is a Spanish wish; and it has been observed, that persons who have committed suicide, have
been

been rather those who had nothing to do*, than those who were oppressed with business: rather those who had painful ones. Sir William Davenant says finely in *Gondibert*,

—Teil does keep
Obstructions from the mind and quench the blood;
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep
Like opium is our medicine, not our food.

“The consequences of idleness are more mischievous and more to be dreaded in minds of a certain temper and vigour than in duller and feebler ones; as the weeds in a rich yet uncultivated soil are more in number and more rank and pernicious than in a field of less natural fertility.”

THOMAS SUTTON, FOUNDER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

“It is reported,” says Fuller, “that Mr. Sutton often repaired to a private garden, where he frequently prayed, and was often overheard to repeat this expression: ‘Lord, thou hast given me a large and a liberal estate, give me also a heart to make as good use of it!’ The character of Volpone, in Ben Jonson’s *Comedy of the Fox*, is said to have been intended for that of Mr. Sutton.”

LADY DAVIES,

“The widow of the Attorney General of Ireland, having spoken something relative to Villiers, the first duke of Buckingham, that he should not be alive till the end of August, (which really happened) got the reputation of a cunning woman amongst the common people. She then became so mad, that she fancied the spirit of the prophet Daniel was infused into her, and this she grounded on an anagram which she made of her own name, Eleanor Davies, ‘Reveal O Daniel;’ and though the anagram had too much by an *L*. and too little by

* Dr. Hartley, in his exquisite work, *Observations on Man*, &c. recommends those persons who are hypochondriacal from having nothing to do, to take up in a benevolent manner the concerns of others; to become interested about their welfare; and by sympathy to prevent the vacuity and the horrors of selfishness.

an

20 S. yet she found 'Daniel' and 'reveal, in it. For this she was brought before the High Commission Court; but whilst the bishops and the divines were reasoning the point with her out of the Holy Scriptures, Lamb, the Dean of the Arches, took a pen in his hand, and wrote the following exact anagram upon her name, "Dame Eleanor Davies, *never so mad a ladie,*" which having been proved to be true, by the rules of art, "Madam," said he, "I see you build much on anagrams; I have found out one which I hope will fit you." Having read it aloud, he gave it into her hands. This put the grave court into such a laughter, and the poor weak woman into such a confusion, that she afterwards grew wiser, or became less regarded. HEYLIN'S *Life of Laud.*"

JOHN MILTON,

"In spite of the virulence of party, Echard thus describes this great writer: 'He was the wonder of the age! Though always affecting uncommon and heterodox opinions; Latin secretary first to the parliament, and afterwards to Oliver Cromwell; and a most inveterate enemy to King Charles. But what did most, and most justly, distinguish him, was his poetry, particularly his *Paradise Lost*, in which he manifests such a wonderful and sublime genius as was never exceeded in any age or nation, of which it appears impossible to give foreign nations any idea.' It seems indeed reserved to our times to break through the spell, and to give to every country in the world an adequate notion, not only of the sublimity but of the beauty of Milton's genius. Mr. Fuseli's pencil, equally successful in expressing ideas of amenity as of grandeur, is the only true translator this great poet has ever possessed. The languages of other countries indeed sink under the grand and beautiful images of Milton; but, like Michael Angelo's, the commentator of the terrible and gigantic ideas of Dante in the Sistine Chapel, Fuseli's pencil will pourtray the evanescent images of our divine bard, and give an habitation and a shape to his ideal forms, which the prints to be made from his paintings will display wherever there shall be eyes to behold them.

"It has been reported, that James the Second, when Duke of York, said, "That the blindness of Milton was a judgment of heaven upon him for his daring impiety in writing
against

against his father Charles the First."—"Be it so, then," replied Milton; "but what was the execution of the Duke's father upon a public scaffold *?"

The Virgin of the Sun, a Play in Five Acts, by Augustus Von Kotzebue. Translated from the genuine German Edition. By Anne Plumptre. Symonds. 2s. 6d.

THE scene of this play is laid in Peru, and is founded on their religious customs and institutions. It appears that in that country there was the *Temple of the Sun*, to which belonged a certain select number of virgins, who officiated daily in the celebration of its rites and ceremonies. These virgins were obliged to observe the strictest celibacy, the violation of which was death. Such a violation here takes place; but the victim is rescued at the moment of destruction, by a series of incidents which are highly interesting to the imagination. The play ends with the abolition of celibacy—the evils of which are here shewn to be injurious to the interests both of individuals and of society.

From the perusal of the whole performance we are impressed with the superior genius of this foreign dramatist. The faithful delineation of the passions, and the exquisite touches of nature with which his productions abound, will render him a favourite with the public. The entire collection of his plays, when translated by Miss Plumptre, will be worthy of a place in every gentleman's library.

* Horace says wisely,
 ————— *Quid æternis minorem*
Consiliis animam fatigas?

A Letter

A Letter to the Women of England on the Injustice of Mental Subordination, with Anecdotes. By Anne Francis Randall. Longman.

THIS fair vindicator of her sex is, we understand, a quaker at Exeter, whence the letter is dated. We have long known that female *friends* accustomed themselves to extemporaneous harangues. But we had yet to learn that the spirit by which they profess to be moved made them also writers, especially upon the *Rights of Woman*, a subject which has given so much offence to some of the lords of the creation. However we discern nothing of quakerism from the beginning to the end of this letter. Throughout the whole the authoress discovers a noble spirit of independence, and her motto is expressive of the purpose to which her talents are here devoted—

“Wherefore are we

“Born with *high* souls but to *assert ourselves*.”

ROWE.

This lady is professedly a disciple of Mary Woolstonecraft, though she disclaims servile imitation. She is of opinion, that the subject is far from being exhausted, for she declares, “that it requires a *legion of Woolstonecrafts* to undermine the poisons of prejudice and malevolence.” The great position here maintained—“that woman is in every respect equal to man,” has long been disputed, and will not be soon settled. To us, however, the determination of it does not appear in so important a point of view. Men and women are evidently designed by the wise and benevolent Creator for every department in life. In each station we find distinguished characters, and no individual who is justly apprised of the many virtues of the sex will attempt to depreciate them. Without flattery be it spoken, intelligent and virtuous women are the sweeteners of life, and the cement of society. Though we may object to
parts

parts of this pamphlet, yet there are paragraphs highly just and animated. The following we transcribe by way of specimen :

“ I again recur to the prominent subject of my letter, viz. that woman is denied the first privilege of nature, the power of *self-defence*. There are lords of the creation who would not hesitate to rob a credulous woman of fortune, happiness, and reputation, yet they would deem themselves justified in punishing a petty thief, who took from them a watch or a pocket handkerchief. Man is not to be deprived of his property; he is not to be pilfered of the most trifling article, which custom has told him is necessary to his ideas of luxury. But *woman* is to be robbed of that peace of mind which depended on the purity of her character; she is to be duped out of all the proud consolations of independence; defrauded of her repose, wounded in the sensibilities of her heart; and, because she is of the weaker sex, she is to bear her injuries with fortitude.

“ If a man is stopped on the highway, he may shoot the predator: and he will receive the thanks of society. If a *woman* were to act upon the same principle, respecting the more atrocious robber who has deprived her of all that rendered life desirable, she would be punished as a murderer. Because the highwayman only takes that which the traveller can afford to lose, and the loss of which he will scarcely feel; and the *woman* is rendered a complete bankrupt of all that rendered life supportable. The swindler and the cheat are shut out from society; but the avowed libertine, the very worst of defrauders, is tolerated and countenanced by our most fastidious British females. This is one of the causes why the manners of the age are so unblushingly licentious: men will be profligate, as long as women uphold them in the practice of seduction.”

Much as we admire these and other passages of a similar kind, we cannot help *smiling* at the following plan; of an *university for women*! Read and judge for yourselves :

“ Had fortune enabled me, I would build an *university for women*; where they should be politely, and at the same time classically

classically educated; the depth of their studies should be proportioned to their mental powers; and those who were incompetent to the labours of knowledge, should be dismissed after a fair trial of their capabilities, and allotted to the more humble paths of life; such as *domestic* and useful occupations. The wealthy part of the community who neglected to educate their female offspring, at this seminary of learning, should pay a fine, which should be appropriated to the maintenance of the unportioned scholars. In half a century there would be a sufficient number of learned women to fill all the departments of the university, and those who excelled in an eminent degree should receive honorary medals, which they should wear as an *order of literary merit*.

“O! my unenlightened country-women! read, and profit, by the admonition of Reason. Shake off the trifling, glittering shackles, which debase you. Resist those fascinating spells which, like the petrifying torpedo, fasten on your mental faculties. Be less the slaves of vanity, and more the converts of reflection. Nature has endowed you with personal attractions: she has also given you the mind capable of expansion. Seek not the visionary triumph of universal conquest; know yourselves equal to greater, nobler, acquirements: and by prudence, temperance, firmness, and reflection, subdue that prejudice which has, for ages past, been your inveterate enemy. Let your daughters be liberally, classically, philosophically, and usefully educated; let them speak and write their opinions freely; let them read and think like rational creatures; adapt their studies to their strength of intellect; expand their minds, and purify their hearts, by teaching them to feel their mental equality with their imperious rulers. By such laudable exertions, you will excite the noblest emulation; you will explode the superstitious tenets of bigotry and fanaticism; confirm the intuitive immortality of the soul, and give them that genuine glow of conscious virtue which will grace them to posterity.”

And so, in the opinion of this fair writer, the *female dunces* only are to be allotted to “*domestic and useful occupations!*” For such kind of wives and mothers, perhaps husbands and children, will not thank her. Surely Miss Randall is forgetful of posterity, in wishing

a progeny of *dunces* to be perpetuated to the latest generation!

Theodore, or the Gamester's Progress, a Poetic Tale.
2s. 6d. Vernor and Hood.

THOUGH we cannot speak highly of the poetry of this little work, yet we applaud the intention with which it has been written. A few passages, however, might be pointed out, which shew considerable ability. The tale itself is pleasing, strongly exposing the detestable vice of gaming, and, with fewer prosaic lines, might have been termed a superior production. We would not by any means wish to discourage the youthful author in his literary career, but only urge him onward to further improvement.

A Sermon preached in Little Wild Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, November 27, 1798, in Commemoration of the great Storm in 1703. By Robert Winter. 1s. Cadell and Davies.

OF this dreadful storm, an account was given by us in our Number for last November. This phenomenon is here judiciously improved to the purposes of a pure and exalted piety. The discourse is written with spirit, and is in every respect well adapted to the occasion.

Moral Philosophy, or Logic, adapted to the Capacity of Youth. By the late R. Gillet, F. R. S. Lecturer in Philosophy. 1s. 6d. Sael.

THIS performance consists of a compilation from Locke and Watts, the best writers on the subject. It may be read, and even studied by youth with advantage, since it is calculated to facilitate mental improvement.

The

The Sacred Oratorios, as set to Music by George Frederick Handel. Part. I. Heptinstall, No. 304, Holborn.

THE address to the public fully explains the design of the present work. "This edition of the words of Handel's Sacred Oratorios, being selected from the excellent and superb edition of his works, published by Dr. Arnold, includes the latest alterations, and presents them to the public as they are now performed. The interesting nature of the various subjects will make them at the same time a pleasing volume to the reader, and a convenient pocket companion to the *amateurs* of Handel."

We have only to add, that the contents of this performance fully answer to its professions. It is printed on a handsome paper and with a neat type; it is embellished with an elegant portrait of Handel, and it contains a rich fund of entertainment and instruction. It is not inferior to the pleasing editions of the other works for which Mr. Heptinstall has attained a deserved celebrity.

The Elements of the Latin Tongue, with all the Rules in English. for the more ready Improvement of Youth. By the Rev. Robert Armstrong. Griffiths. 2s.

WITH this elementary introduction to the Latin language we have been pleased. We admire the neatness and perspicuity with which its constituent parts are arranged, and we pronounce it to be, in every respect, calculated to answer the ends for which it is intended. The modesty and industry of its compiler are entitled to particular commendation.

A Narrative of the Loss of his Majesty's Ship the Prosperpine, James Wallace, Esquire, Captain; compiled by John Wright, First Lieutenant. C. Hatchard.

THIS pamphlet will satisfy the curiosity of the public respecting a subject which long agitated their minds. It is the vessel which carried Mr. Grenville to the continent on a political mission. He, and the greater part of the crew were saved, after having suffered considerably by a series of disasters. Fifteen persons perished; some of them, indeed, lost their lives by their own intoxication and folly.

Amatory Odes, Epistles, and Sonnets, the Productions of an uneducated Youth. 1s. Griffiths.

“LET not the pride of Literature scorn,
This frank acknowledgment to candour giv’n,
Before the *perfect* day appears the dawn,
Nor soars the lark *at once* to heaven.”

Such is the modest apology of this “Uneducated Youth,” for the production with which he here presents the public. We feel its force, and admit it to its utmost extent. We meet with lines that do his muse credit, and we advise him to proceed in the cultivation of his talents. To encourage, not to check, the emanations of genius, is our province; and, in the present case, it is with pleasure we bestow on the whole the palm of approbation. Every attempt at distinction in the civil, moral, or intellectual world, is deserving of praise. By such laudable ambition is the human mind improved, and the world properly supplied in its several departments.

A Critical

A Critical Review of the Public Buildings, Statues, and Ornaments, in and about London and Westminster, originally written by Ralph the Architect; now reprinted with very large Additions. The whole being digested into Six Days Tour, in which every thing worthy the attention of the judicious Enquirer is pointed out and described. Wallis.

THIS curious little book possesses merit, and contains a variety of matter respecting our wonderful metropolis, well worthy of attention. Pennant himself refers to it more than once, and is evidently indebted to it for information. Though we do not every where coincide with the author in his remarks, yet we are pleased with the freedom of his criticisms, which shew a sensible and independent mind; and this is a trait in a writer deserving of commendation.

The following particulars concerning St. Paul's are curious, and may gratify curiosity :

"The inside of the cupola is painted and richly decorated, by that eminent English artist Sir James Thornhill; who, in eight compartments, has represented the principal passages in the history of St. Paul's life; namely, his conversion; his punishing Elymas the forcerer with blindness; his preaching at Athens; his curing the poor cripple at Lystra, and the reverence there paid him by the priests of Jupiter as a god; his conversion of the gaoler; his preaching at Ephesus, and the burning the magic books in consequence of the miracles he there wrought; his trial before Agrippa; his shipwreck on the island of Melita, or Malta; and his miracle of the viper.

"Besides the choir, the stalls of which are very beautifully carved, and the other ornaments of equal workmanship, there is a morning-prayer chapel, where divine service is performed every day, Sundays excepted; and opposite it, the consistory; each of which has a magnificent screen of carved wainscot, and has been greatly admired by the curious, as has the carving of the stately figures that adorn the organ-case.

"In the center of the cross-aisle, where is fixed a brass plate, you have a full view of the cupola or dome, and of the whispering-gallery.

"The choir, the ailes on each side of it, and the organ, are inclosed with beautiful iron rails and gates.

"The organ-gallery is supported with Corinthian columns of blue and white marble. The choir has on each side 30 stalls, besides the bishop's throne on the south side, and on the north, the lord mayor's.—The reader's desk is inclosed with very fine brass rails, gilt, in which is a gilt brass pillar, supporting an eagle of brass, gilt, which holds the book on its back and expanded wings.—The altar-piece is adorned with four noble fluted pilasters, painted and veined with gold, in imitation of lapis lazuli; and their capitals are double gilt.—In the intercolumniations are 21 pannels of figured crimson velvet.

"All the floor of the church and choir to the altar rails, is paved with marble; the altar is paved with porphyry, polished, and laid in several geometrical figures.

"The colours hanging in the body of the cathedral, over the western entrance, were taken from the French at Louiſ-bourgh, in 1758. They consist of an artillery standard, white and gold; one pair of Spanish ragged staves; one pair of Swifs ensign colours, green and white; two pair of ensign colours, blue and white; and two staves without colours."

"Of the CURIOSITIES which strangers pay to see.

"Of the GOLDEN-GALLERY, price two-pence each person.

"Entering at the south door, on your left hand are the stairs, by which you ascend the cupola, which lead to this gallery by 534 steps, 260 of which are so easy, that a child may ascend them; but those above are unpleasant, and in some places exceeding dark, particularly, between the brick cone, and the outer case of the dome, but what light you have, affords you an amazing proof of the architect's contrivance. From this gallery you have a fine prospect of the river, city, and country round, which, in a clear day, discovers a pleasing variety, with which many remain satisfied, and never attempt to go higher."

"Of the WHISPERING-GALLERY, price two-pence each person.

"To this gallery you will be invited in your descent; from hence you have the most advantageous view of the ~~the~~ fine paintings in the cupola; there is an easy ascent to this gallery for persons of note, by a most beautiful flight of stairs, not to be

be exceeded: here sounds are enlarged to an amazing degree; the shutting of the door seems as loud as thunder at a distance; the least whisper is heard round the whole circumference, even the ticking of a watch; and one person speaking against the wall, on this side, appears to be present to another on the other side, though the distance between them is no less than 143 feet."

"Of the **LIBRARY**, price two-pence each person.

"The flooring whereof is, indeed, the greatest curiosity in it, which is most artfully inlaid without either nails or pegs, like the framing of a billiard-table; the books are neither numerous nor valuable; but the wainscoting, and cases for their reception, want neither elegance nor convenience. There is here a fine painting of bishop Compton, under whom the cathedral was built."

"Of Sir Christopher Wren's first **MODEL** for building this cathedral, price two-pence each person.

"It is a mistake that this model was taken from St. Peter's at Rome; it was his own invention, laboured with much study, and, as he thought, finished with good success. This design, which is of one order only, the Corinthian, like St. Peter's at Rome, the surveyor set a higher value upon than any he drew; but it was not approved of by the bishops. Pity it is, that so valuable a fragment of the utmost exertion of this great man's genius should be suffered to run to decay."

"Of the **GREAT BELL**, price two-pence each person.

"This is in the south tower, and weighs eighty-four hundred weight. On this bell the hammer of the great clock strikes the hour; and on the lesser bell the quarters are struck. The sound of both are so excessive loud, that tender ears are much affected if either happens to strike while near them. The sound of the great bell is said to have been heard as far as Windsor."

"Of the **GEOMETRY STAIRS**, price two-pence each person.

"This is the last curiosity shewn. It is a flight of stairs, the steps of which are so contrived, as to hang together, without any visible support. Stairs, on this construction, are now very common in England.

"The whole expence of erecting this superb edifice amounted to the sum of 736,752l. 2s. 3d."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *Sonnets* of M.—*Edward* and *Angela*—the pieces of *Civis*—Lines to *T. Gent*, and other favours, are under consideration. The *Angler*—the *Orphan*, and the pieces of W. M. shall be inserted in our Number for May. We shall be always glad of *Chertrea's* and *Sophia's* communications.

Any *Extracts* or *Anecdotes* from our Correspondent at *Hackney* will be acceptable, and shall receive attention. The same remark is addressed to *J. C.* to whom we are much obliged for the anecdotes which he has selected for us; but his *Essays* on *Friendship* and *Riches* are not exactly suited to our *Miscellany*, and are left at No. 20, Paternoster-row. To this young writer, in whose productions, ability, and amiable intention are discernible, we recommend brevity. Were his style and ideas more condensed, he would be greatly adding to the value of his compositions.

ALINE, a Tale, can by no means be admitted. The extravagance of its sentiments, and the looseness of its morality, forbid its insertion. The author seems capable of better things; we would therefore advise him to apply his pen to subjects of utility.

To the author of the *New Year's Gift*, we return many thanks for the entertainment he has afforded our readers of every description. His retired situation at so great a distance from the metropolis, must afford him much leisure; and we hope, therefore, to hear from him in a similar manner on some future occasion. Fiction, judiciously managed, and benevolently directed, interests the imagination and improves the heart.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER

FOR PLACING THE ENGRAVINGS.

	Page
The Portrait of Thomas Pennant, Esq. to face	7
Sir Edward Berry	109
General Tarleton	217
Hugh Blair, D. D.	325

7
9
7
5